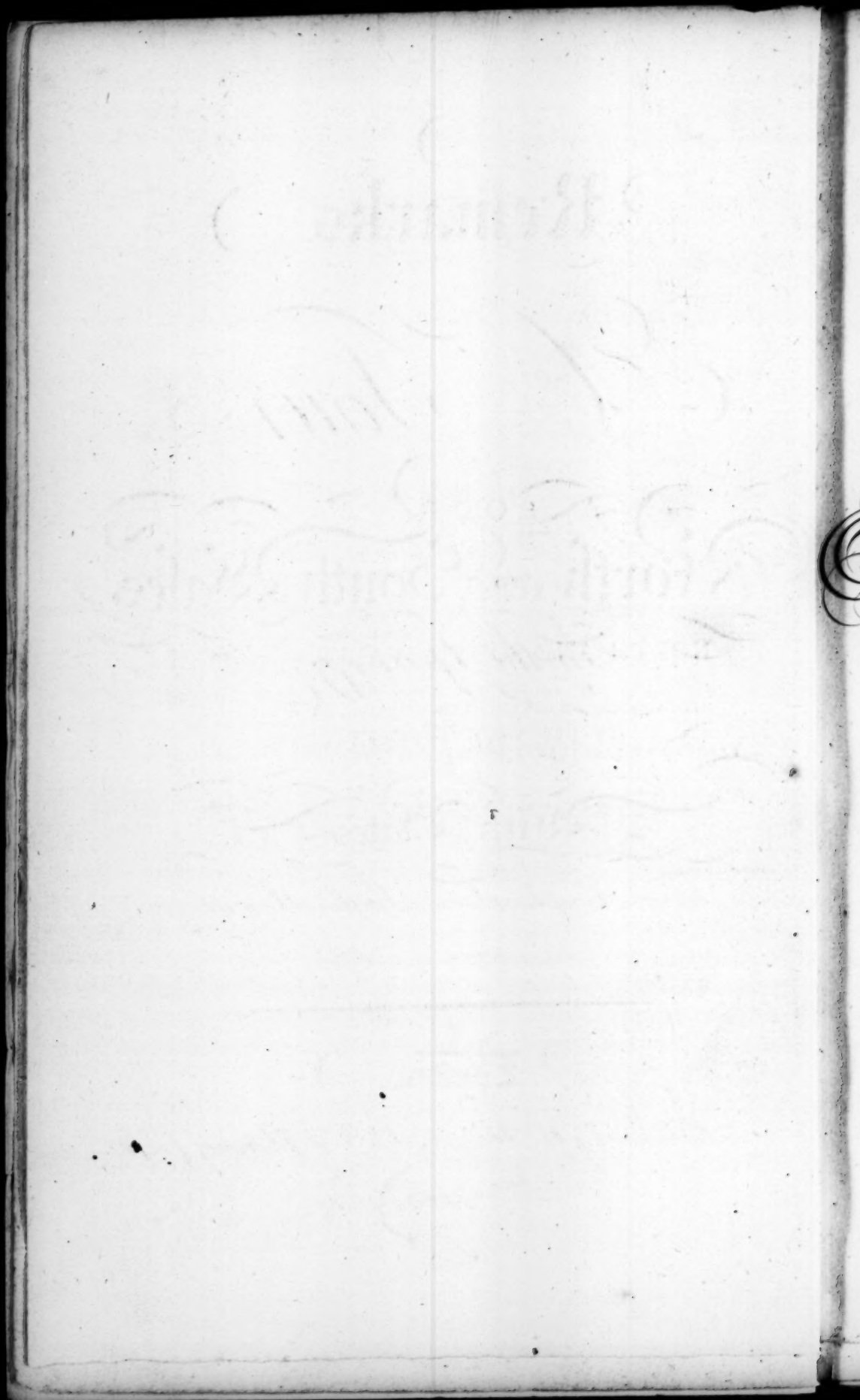


A TOUR
TO
NORTH AND SOUTH WALES.

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Remarks
ON
A Tour
TO
North and South Wales,
in the Year 1797.
BY HENRY WIGSTEAD.
With Plates
From Rowlandson, Lugh, Howitt &c.
(Aquatinted by J. Hill.)

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INTRODUCTION.

THE romantic and picturesque scenery of North and South Wales, having within these few years been considered highly noticeable and attractive, I was induced to visit this Principality with my friend Mr. Rowlandson, whose abilities as an artist need no eulogium from me.

We

We left London in August 1797, highly expectant of gratification : nor were our fullest hopes in the least frustrated.

At the time of our excursion, I had no idea of submitting to the public any of our minutes or sketches ; but as several of the subjects amongst our scenery have become topics of admiration, as well to the artist as cursory traveller, I have in the following sheets endeavoured to give a faint idea of their beauties ; accompanied by some short remarks on the road,
merely

merely intended as a sort of Vade Mecum to stimulate the readers to further and more important inquiries; and in order, if possible, that they may, by being apprized of many inconveniencies we experienced, be enabled to avoid them.

H. W.

[14]

which is intended to be a
Memorandum to the
to the Board of Directors
of the Company, and in order
that they may be able to
to the Board of Directors
of the Company, and in order
that they may be able to

REMARKS
IN A
TOUR,
THROUGH
NORTH and SOUTH WALES,
IN THE YEAR 1797.

THE first town on the road from *London* to *Shrewsbury*, (which is generally the entrance to *North-Wales*,) worthy of remark, is the ancient one of *St. Alban* in the county of *Herts*, 21 miles from *London*. This place derives its name from *Alban*, the first English Martyr, who suffered in the persecution under *Dioclesian*. He was buried on a hill, in the neighbourhood of this town; where a monastery was erected, and dedicated to him, by King *Offa*.----Old *Verulam* stood on the other side the river, in the moor, S. W.

of the town. *Humphrey*, brother to *Henry V.* called the good Duke of *Gloucester*, was buried in this abbey. His body was discovered by accident, some years since, in a sort of pickle; and the coffin is shown to this day. The abbey at present appears very much in need of repair. Good post horses may be had at several inns here; but the White Hart is apparently the largest and most frequented.

From hence the road trends through *Redbourne*, (four miles.) The *Watling-street* runs very near here. The church was rebuilt in the reign of *Henry VI.* by *John Wheathamstead*, the then abbot of *St. Albans*.

Market-street is four miles further. On the right is a pleasantly situated seat, formerly a nunnery of *Benedictines*.

Dunstable is the next post-town. A long street, but not containing many well-built houses. The soil here is chalk. This place was,

was once ravaged by the *Danes*; but it was rebuilt by *Henry I.* who made it a royal borough.

It, however, never sent members to parliament. At this place, several of the *Lollards* were martyred, in the reigns of *Henry V.* and *VII.* The church is part of a priory, built by *Henry I.*---and opposite to it there stands a farm-house, called *Kinsbury*; said to have been a royal palace. A great manufactory in straw is carried on here, chiefly by women and children; who excel all the world in forming hats, boxes, shoes, &c. out of that commodity. The larks in this vicinity are said to be remarkable for their size and flavour.

The Sugar Loaf is a good inn, and most frequented.

The Hills between here and *Stoney-Stratford*, (to which place we passed through *Brick Hill*, *Hockliffe*, and *Fenney-Stratford*,) are frequent and steep; and the

road very heavy. This stage is eighteen miles.

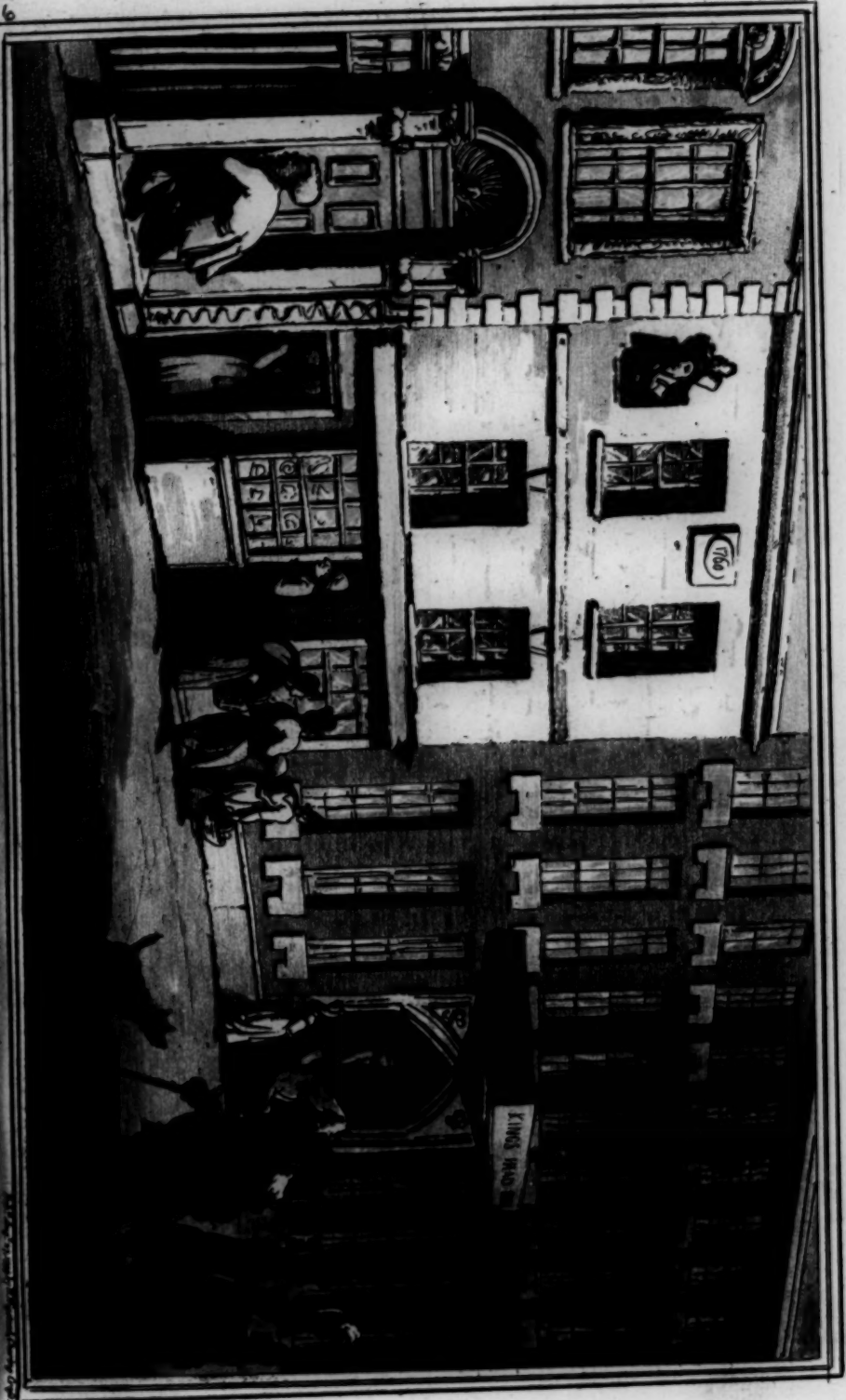
Stoney-Stratford, (Bucks,) is a populous town, and principally inhabited by lace-makers. At every door almost, the women and children are seen industriously employed in this manufacture. There are two good parish churches here, and the houses are of stone and brick. King *Edward I.* erected a cross here, in memory of his Queen, *Eleanor*. In May 1743, a dreadful fire happened in this town, which destroyed 150 houses. Near Old *Stratford*, commences *Northamptonshire*, commonly considered the center of the kingdom. From thence we proceeded to *Towcester*, which contains nothing remarkable; and is a very dull town. In 917 it was ineffectually besieged by the *Danes*.

Daventry is the next town noticeable. Here was formerly a monastery: many Roman coins have been discovered in the
neigh-

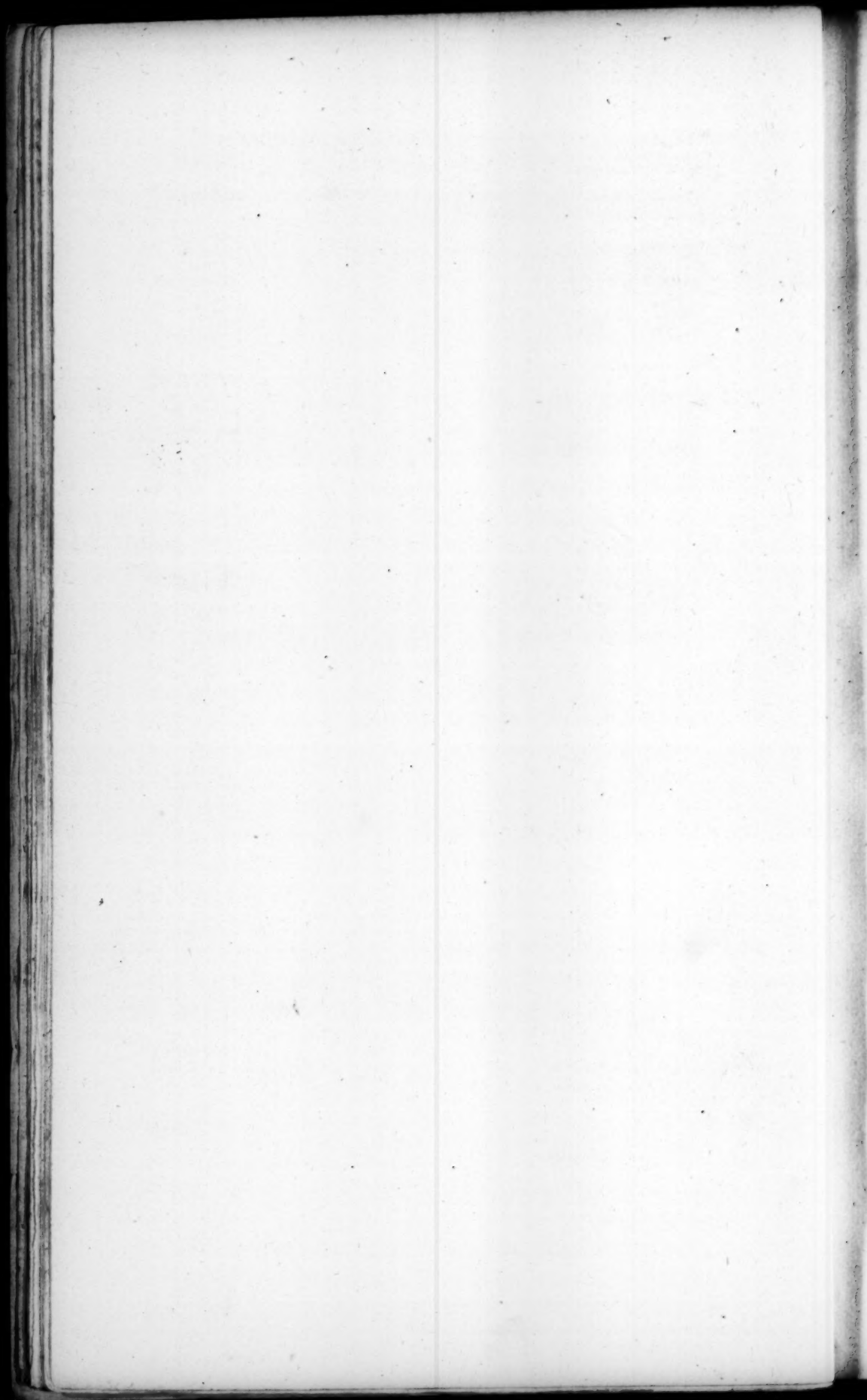
neighbourhood. It is certain that a Roman station was in the vicinity, and many antiquarians believe it to have been the *Tripontium* of *Antoninus*. The *Watling-street* runs through it to *Dunsmore Heath*. *John of Gaunt* is said to have had a palace in *Daventry* park. A very good road, with firs and elms on each side, leads on over *Dunsmore Heath* to *Coventry*. This Heath has been mentioned, as the place where *Guy of Warwick* slew the *Dun Cow*. It is now in enclosure.

Coventry is a large and very populous city. The streets are narrow, ill paved, and decorated with many ancient houses. In 1016 there was a rich convent here, which was in that year destroyed by the *Danes*. It was rebuilt by *Leofric*, Earl of *Mercia*, who was first lord of this city. As his lady was its best benefactress, there is a tradition, that her husband having taxed the city heavily, (for some offence

they had given him,) this lady, named *Godiva*, importuned him to remit the penalty. She, however, could not prevail on him, unless she would consent to ride naked through the streets. To this she did consent; and after having ordered all the doors and windows to be shut, actually went on horseback through the city with her loose hair hanging down, which entirely covered her. The story of *Peeping Tom* is well known: His effigy is now to be seen, next door to the King's-head inn; said to be the very house, from whence he attempted to gratify his curiosity. There is a fair here on the Friday after *Trinity Sunday*; when the figure of a naked woman on horseback is carried through the streets. The cathedral has to boast of a most beautiful Gothic spire: the carved mouldings are much mutilated; which seems to have been in consequence of the material not possessing such power of resistance



COVENTRY.

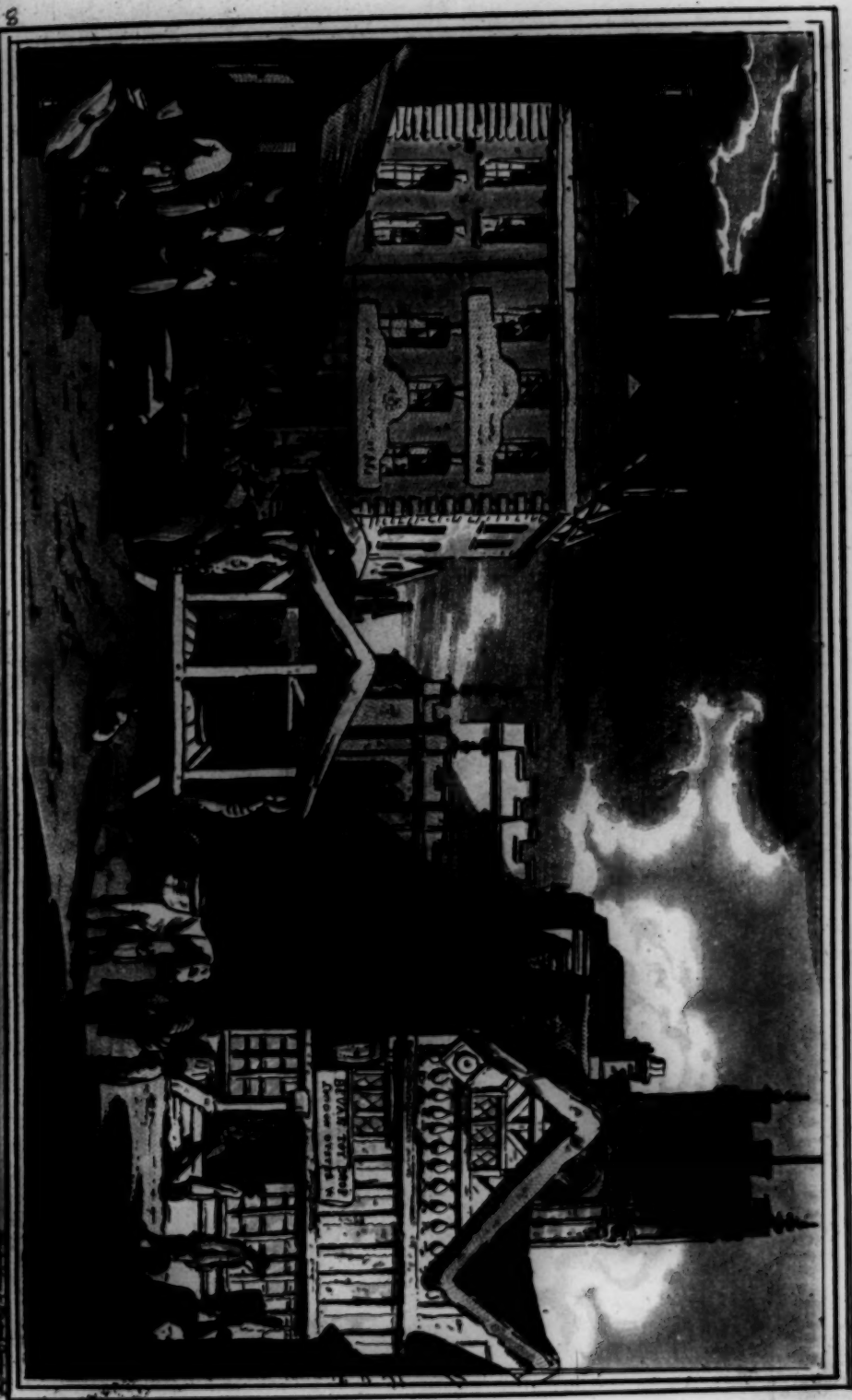


resistance to the hand of time, as Portland Stone: It is a kind of brown Iron stone. There is no particular monument or vestige of antiquity in the interior of this edifice. The quantity of ribbons manufactured in this city, is immense: The noise of the weavers' looms assails the passenger's ear in every direction: The King's Head is a good Inn.

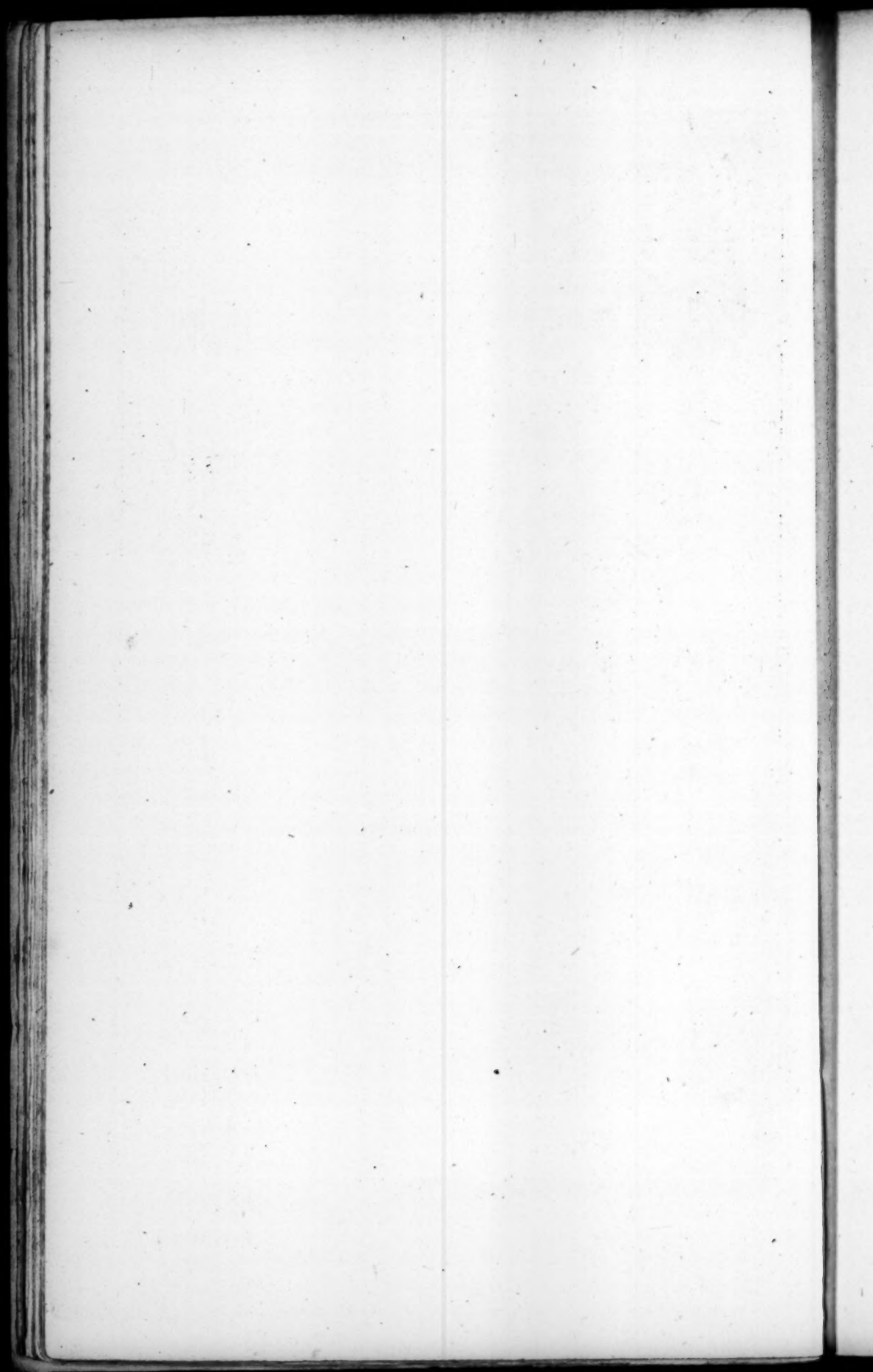
Pursuing our route, we passed *Meriden*, (where there is a large inn, which appears to have been a mansion-house) in our way to *Birmingham* (Warwickshire), which is approachable by a steep ascent. This town, on first appearance, by no means prepossesses the traveller in its favour---a confused mass of brick and tile rubbish piled together, enveloped in an almost impenetrable smoky atmosphere, is by no means an agreeable object to a picturesque eye---it lies nearly in the centre of the kingdom. Prince *Rupert* laid siege to it in 1643. In 1665,

it was visited by the plague ; the infection was circulated from a box of clothes brought by the carrier to the White Hart Inn. It is computed to contain eighty thousand inhabitants, and thirteen thousand houses, and is, perhaps, the greatest manufactory for hard ware in the universe. There is a very elegant theatre here, with coffee-room, and every convenience. Soho, the celebrated manufactory of Messrs. Boulton, is particularly recommendable to the attention of the Ladies. At about two miles beyond *Birmingham*, the country puts on a very different aspect to that which has been previously passed through---innumerable forges, kilns, and steam engines, (from whence issue vast columns of smoke, rolling in dark masses) obstruct the prospect in every direction. By going a very little way out of the usual direct road, we passed through *Dudley*, ten miles from *Birmingham*. The venerable remnant of the Castle at this place

MOULTENHAMPTON.



WOOLLENHAMPTON.



place is well worth the notice and particular attention of the traveller ; the prospect from here is very distant and beautiful. The road from this place to *Wolverhampton* (six miles) is but indifferent ; it is kept in repair for the most part with clinkers and cinders from the adjacent forges.---*Wolverhampton* is a neat market town, from whence the road to *Shiffnell* is very pleasant. The towering summit of the *Wrekin* is now and then seen peeping through the woody vistas ; and the grey tinted distant Welsh hills, scarcely to be discriminated from the horizon, assist as boundaries to this extensive scene ; and must be particularly impressive, as novelty in its highest degree, on those who previously have only been accustomed to view and admire the strong-marked outline of *Hampstead* and *Highgate*.

From *Shiffnell* we turned out of our direct road to visit *Colebrook Dale*. Whoever wishes to investigate the different curiosities
of

of the manufactories at this place, must appropriate some days to that purpose; they most assuredly will find themselves amply repaid. Our general pursuit, however, was nature, not art; and we here found so many beauties demanding our attention, that we knew not where to select:---as an epicure, who viewing a service of dainties, suffers the whole to be removed before his choice determines: so were we situated.---We literally wandered in search of the *ne plus ultra*, till the evening's hasty approach had nearly prevented our making even a slight sketch. The Tontine inn is a very accommodating mansion. The road from this place to *Hay-gaté* (returning into the direct road) is steep, and on the edge of a tremendous precipice for about a mile; though it is not called a turnpike-road, it is not untolled. The face of the country is here in parts an entire blaze of red fire; the heat in passing these *Ætnas* in
minia-

miniature is intense ; indeed, scarcely bearable ; and the thick black smoke emitted from the smelting-houses almost suspends respiration. The coals necessary in such abundance for carrying on the different manufactories are conveyed in low carts, which are drawn up and down the surrounding precipices in groves laid in the ground, in which cast iron wheels run. The roads are entirely surfaced with clinkers, cinders, and dross from the iron ore. At *Hay-gate* (the foot of the *Wrekin*), we found nothing to tempt us to stop.

Shrewsbury is the next town ; it is situated on an eminence, with two bridges over the Severn. The Castle was erected by *Roger de Montgomery*, the first Earl, to whom it was granted by *William the Conqueror* ; he also founded an Abbey here. In the reign of *Henry III.* part of the town was burnt by the Welsh. The corpse of *Harry Percy*, surnamed *Hotspur*, was here buried ; but by
order

order of *Henry IV.* (against whom he had rebelled,) it was taken out of its grave, and put between two mill-stones: after which, it was beheaded and quartered.

In 1551, the sweating sickness made its first depredations here; and extended fatally through the kingdom. The ancient road, called *Watling-street*, comes hither from *London*, and goes on to the very extreme part of *Wales*. There is a new bridge lately built over the *Severn*, where formerly stood the celebrated Welsh Bridge; two mutilated arches of which, are now only to be seen. There are several good built churches here; and the walk, called the *Quarry*, (a grove of lime trees) is frequented by all the *Shrewsbury* belles, particularly on Sundays. Crossing the bridge just mentioned, we entered *North Wales*, bound to *Welsh Pool*, by the worst road we had yet seen. Innumerable sandy hills almost prevented our horses from moving. At ten miles,

miles, there is a sort of hedge ale-house, where we were necessitated to rest. We found the landlady, with a numerous family, preparing dinner; it consisted of beans, and small square lumps of bacon, fried and mixed together. The children were placed round a board, with each a wooden spoon: and with which they set to work, on the introduction of their provender, with no small degree of avidity.---We were here cheered with the *comfortable* tidings, of having eight miles of much worse road to traverse, 'ere we reached *Welsh Pool*.

On our arrival at this place, we found, that the assizes were then held here, and, as such, had only just time to remark it as a populous irregular town, with a decent inn; it being too full to afford us an asylum. Powis Castle is seen from here.---*Llannamul-loch*, 10 miles distant, was the place destined to receive us for the night. This is an insignificant little village, (part of which is in *Shropshire*,

Shropshire, and part in *Denbighshire*,) approachable by a small bridge. In time of floods, however, travellers are under the necessity of fording several streams, whose depths are, at different times, very uncertain. The uneven surface of the ground, under the water, renders it extremely disagreeable, if not dangerous, to persons unacquainted with the passage. Very little accommodation is here to be met with. Indeed the traveller must now begin to take leave of the luxuries on the other side the *Severn*. Welsh customs and manners begin here to bud; and the ear is made very familiar to the guttural tones of the natives of *Cambria*. The passing peasantry are very respectful; and we began to think we should wear out our hats in returning their attentions. The beds here are not quite so comfortable as at our *London* Hotels. I was accommodated with the state room, which was a cockloft, at the very brink of
a step-

a step-ladder staircase. The tiling of the roof came very near in contact with my head, while recumbant; and the bed-clothes had certainly been intended to cover the celebrated Polish dwarf.

Ofwestry is the next noticeable place, remarkable for having (though rather a large town,) the fewest public houses we ever witnessed; we began to despair of finding any sort of quarters, to afford that refreshment, which a hot day and a hilly country had rendered absolutely necessary. At a queer kind of inn, however, surrounded by a phalanx of waiters, (such as they were,) we obtained what we required, and took our departure for the fertile and happy vale of *Llangollen*, eight miles from hence; Mountain tops on each side terminated our prospect: these, however, were sometimes hid from our sight, by revolving clouds. Beautiful bits of nature, simple and unadorned, met our eye in every direction.

The

The wild spontaneous playfulness of the goddess, was happily blended with the industrious efforts of the husbandman; and our senses were, in the highest degree, gratified.

Chirk is beautifully situated, and affords much matter of remark for the pencil.

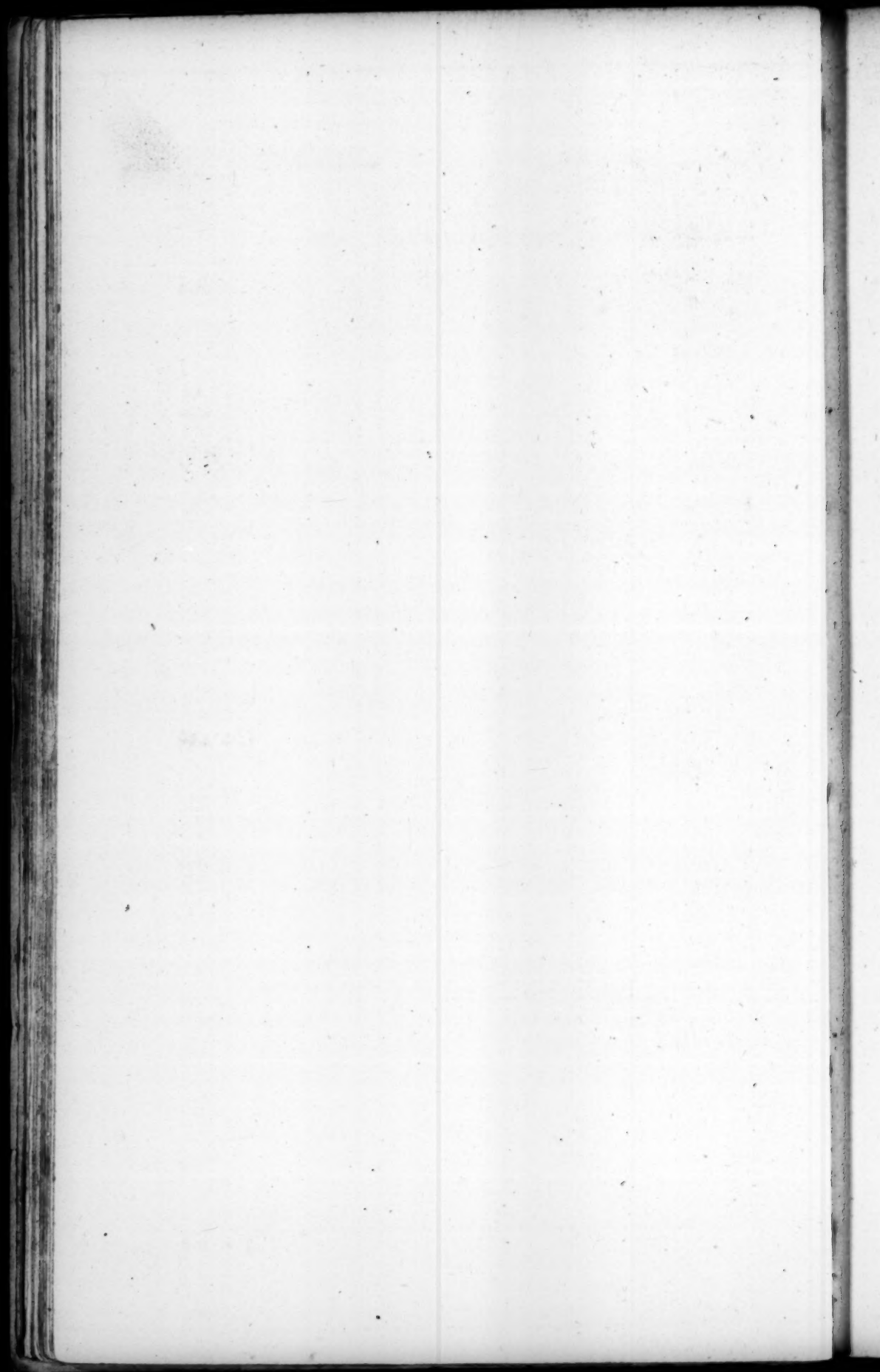
Llangollen, situated in the most beautiful vale throughout the principality, is a small town, with only one tolerable inn: and of the accommodations at that--- "*Cætera desunt*,"---which, by some little freedom, may be construed, "the less is said, the better."

The bridge over the river *Dee* here, is mentioned as one of the curiosities of *Wales*. It is built of stone, on the solid rock. The bed of the river runs rapidly through its arches, in various meandering cascades, here and there interrupted by large masses of granite: through the center arch it falls magnificently, in one considerable



LANGOLLEN.

From a drawing by J. G. Smith, Esq. in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Langollen.



siderable torrent, said to be of the depth of forty feet. Most excellent salmon is here to be obtained, the product of the river.

This valley is entirely surrounded with mountains of immense height, at the pinnacle of one of which is castle *Dinas Brane*.

The approach to this fragment of antiquity is very tedious and difficult; and my companion experienced many severe falls in attempting to employ his pencil, to detail its appearance; which is too much decayed to be of consequence, either as an object of information, or picturesque beauty. The natives here scarcely understand a word of the English language: the children have, however, been instructed to beg; and "give me a penny" is to be heard from twenty little surrounding tongues at the same time.

The remains of the abbey, *Valle Crucis*, about two miles from hence, amply repay the traveller, for any trouble or fatigue he may take in visiting them. These, indeed, tend to prove, that the holy fathers of the days, in which this abbey flourished, were not a little remarkable for their tasteful choice of situation. We set it down as a little Eden.

This religious house was dissolved in 1235, and is said to be the first of the Welsh that underwent that fate. There still remain the ruins of the church and part of the abbey, which is inhabited by a husbandman. About a quarter of a mile higher on the road, are the remains of a round column, called *the pillar of Elifeg*, said to be the most ancient British pillar extant. In the civil wars of the last century, it was thrown down and broken; and as such appears thus mutilated. The banks of the *Dee* here furnish matter of
con-

contemplation and admiration for the most enthusiastic devotee to the graphic art. At every turn, the eye is delighted by new beauties of nature:---with romantic loveliness she breaks upon the astonished traveller; and the mind is absolutely bewildered in endeavouring to give a preference to any single charm.

We left this delightful spot with regret; and mutually agreed, that we could have here found ample scope for study, at least for a month. *Ruthyn* is a large market town; to which we passed through the vale of *Clwyd*, with the extent and fertility of which we were highly gratified: This appears a much more cultivated country, than the *Arcadian* vale, which we recently mentioned: and by some travellers, indeed, it is made to vie with it; but it falls very short, in point of picturesque beauty. The road to this place is very mountainous; and we considered twelve miles here

as fatiguing to our horses, as any twenty we had yet met with: there are several good inns here. From hence to *Corwen*, which should have been our direct road, we had twelve miles to pass, (as we were told,) in a most dreadful cross road: through which no one could direct us. The assizes being then held here, (as at *Welsh-Pool*) made it impossible for us to be accommodated. With many inconveniences, however, at a very late hour, we reached this most miserable of all miserable villages. We had frequently applied for a guide in our road, making ourselves as well understood, as we could: but the country people were impressed with great apprehensions of meeting the devil, on their return back, if alone: and neither money or entreaty could avail us.

Corwen is on one side flanked by a high stony mountain. The houses are all built with stone, found in the vicinity, cemented with

with clay and loam; but most miserable and wretched hovels---The people, cows, asses, hogs, and poultry, all live in one apartment, and all turn out at one time in the morning. Dressing flax seems to be the only employment of the villagers.

The road from hence to *Kennioga* is extremely romantic and picturesque, for the first two or three miles. On the declivity of a high mountain, a stone wall is thrown up to support the road. On the left hand, from an immense height, the river dashes down through a single-arched bridge with tremendous roar, foaming in its half revealed meandering course, till received into the valley; where with great impetuosity it continues murmuring for a considerable distance. After passing here, the prospect is as uninteresting as *Bagshot heath*.

At a place, called *Caer-y-Drudion*, there are still to be traced some vestiges of the Druids' citadel, to which *Caractacus* re-

tired, after his defeat at *Caer-Caradoc*. The peasantry have removed most of the stones to make enclosures; and prompted by the same motive, have rudely destroyed a large stone chest, which till very lately was celebrated as a Druidical memento.

Kennioga has only a single house (an inn) It is a post stage, 13 miles from *Corwen*. We did not find cleanliness its most conspicuous recommendation. From hence to *Llanwryst*, a most sublime extent of scenery unveils itself,---the most luxuriant vale, embracing every where the basis of cloud-capped mountains, constitutes the general feature. We, in contemplating this beautiful burst, considered it as comparable to any of the most admired situations in *Switzerland*, or in the environs of *Trioli*. *Llanwryst* is a market town. Here on our arrival, we were attended by a Welsh minstrel, who during our supper, amused us on his harp with several provincial airs,

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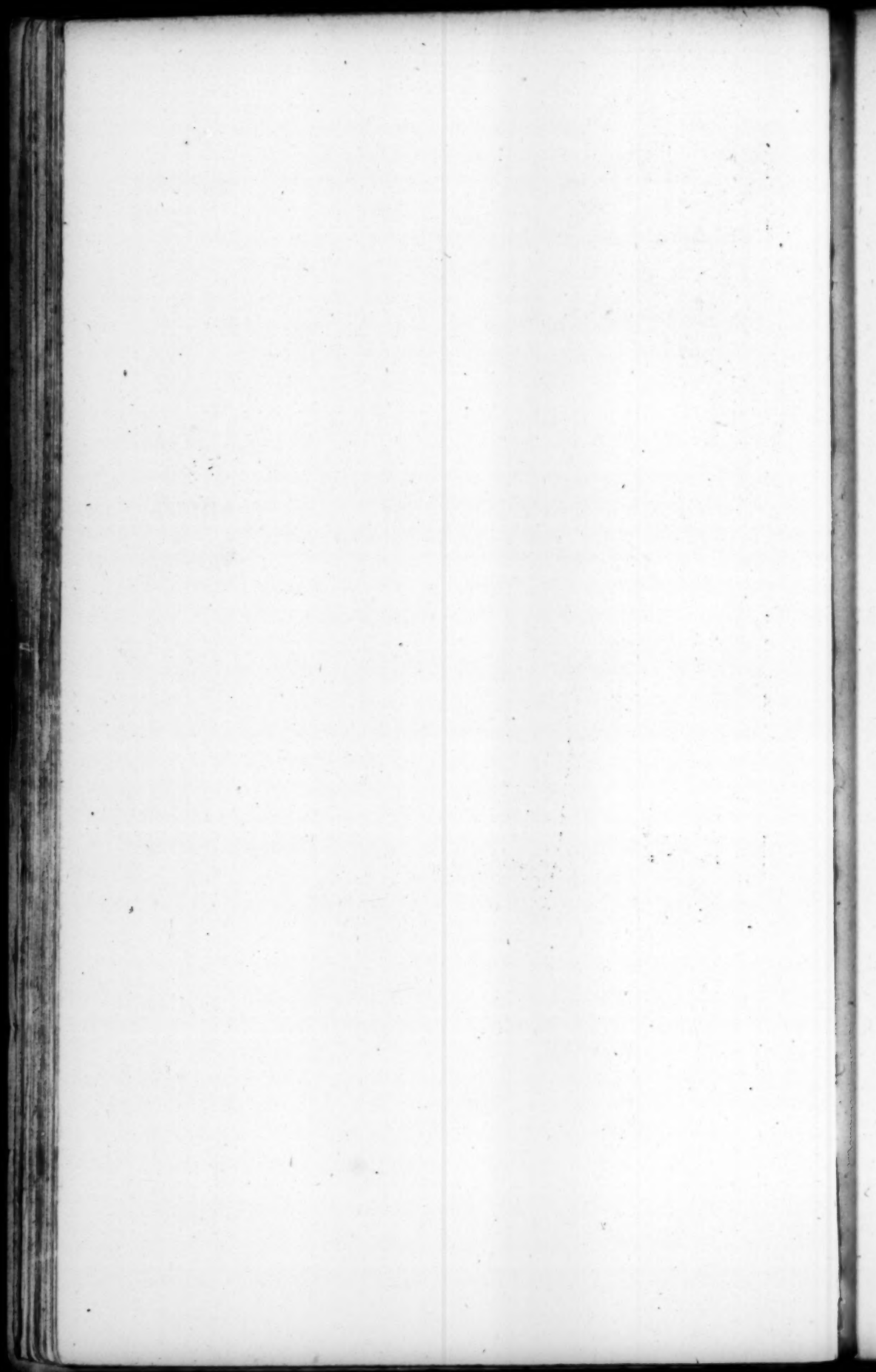
perfectly novel and characteristic, in a very neat style. There is a very good inn here, and the market is numerously attended. *Inigo Jones* is said to have been born in this town. The bridge is mentioned as an early effort of his architectural genius: and, from a particular geometrical property, it trembles with the pressure of a single person, against or on the center arch. It is made of stone, and has three arches, through which the river runs rapidly. The ancient seat of the *Gwdr* family is in the vicinity.

From *Llanwryst* to *Conway*, the road is romantic in the extreme. At almost every two or three hundred yards a foaming torrent is seen dashing from incredible height on one hand, and an extensive and fertile vale on the other; with the gently gliding river *Conway* meandering through its enclosed pastures. *Conway* has many enticing properties to the traveller. Food

for the pencil is to be found in abundance. On approaching it, the towering, venerable and extensive remains of the Castle appear majestically above the town, which is surrounded with the ancient wall, very entire in many places. It is by no means a large town, but clean, with two very good inns. The river is here a mile broad. The castle was built by Edward I. in 1284. Its form is oblong, and placed on the verge of the solid rock. Whole turrets on one side have given way, and their tremendous fragments in gigantic masses have rolled from their rocky base to the strand, where they now lay. The passing traveller can but admire and tremble, lest, by a similar (and perhaps equally instantaneous) crash, he may be overwhelmed by another partial dissolution of this venerable remnant of antiquity. Within this castle is a great Hall, 130 feet long, by 32 feet broad. The roof is very lofty, and supported by hand-

THE KINGS APARTMENTS CONWAY CASTLE.





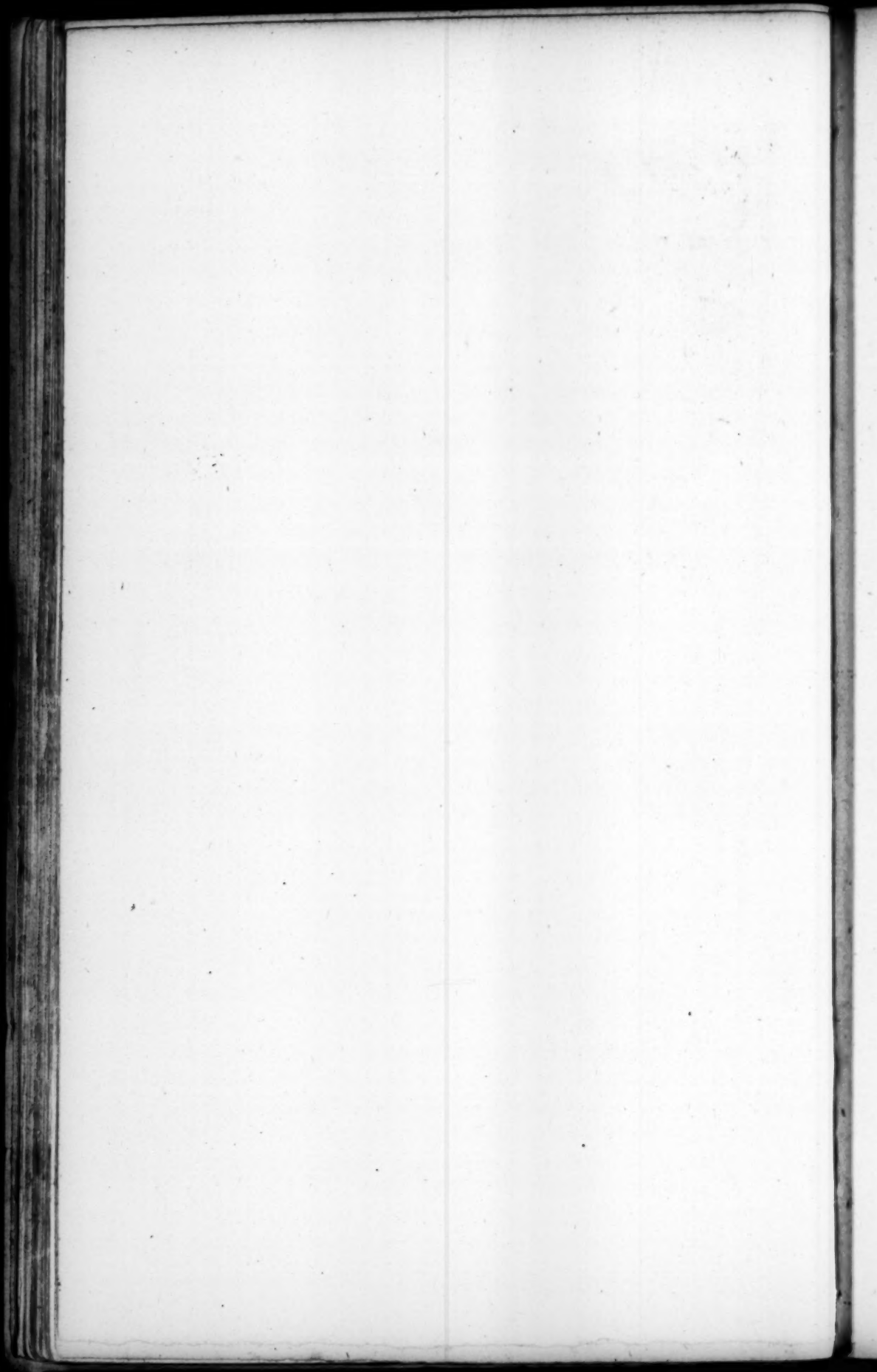
handsome arches: Here the King held his levee. The King's apartments are least mutilated: the mouldings are many of them very entire: innumerable fire places are observable. I guessed the largest in the opening to be about 20 feet wide, by 12 feet high: this in all probability might have been the kitchen. There is a very old and extensive building here, called the college: there are several coats of arms sculptured on the stones in the front. Edward the First is said to have established here a seminary for youth. Through an arched gate-way, at the bottom of the town, *Bodscallar* and *Dyganwy* castles are to be seen: a small part only of the latter remains: It was the residence of the princes of North Wales. It is said to have been destroyed by *lightning* in 816. So much has been said of this castle, that I cannot omit mentioning that *Camden* believes it to have been the ancient *Diſtum* under the latter

Em-

Emperors. It is said to have been rebuilt, and considered as a strong post in 876. It was restored again to consequence in 1098, by the Earl of *Chester*: again it was destroyed by *Llewelyn-ap-Iorwith*, and rebuilt by an Earl of *Chester* in 1209. King *John* retreated highly censured with his army from hence, in 1211.

From *Conway* to *Caernarvon* is twenty-four miles. The road is at first uninteresting; but, at about four miles, the scenery becomes really terrific. *Penman Ros*, on the right hand, awfully raises its aspiring head, and intercepts the beams of the sun in his highest elevation; while *Penman-maur*, on the left, seems, from its desolated and rocky summit, to threaten the traveller with instant annihilation. The road runs round near the base of the mountain one hundred yards above the sea: the whole height of this barren and terrific elevation is 1545 feet. This road has been
made

PENNANNAWR.



made at an immense expence, to which the citizens of *Dublin* have largely contributed, it being the road of the mail coach to the ferry for *Holy-head*. It is flanked by a stone wall on the side towards the sea. This is about three feet high, over which the water and the distant isle of *Anglesea* are seen. On the other side, the surface of the mountain, which is very steep, is covered with tremendous masses of stone, which seem ready to slide from their slippery base, and overwhelm the passenger in inevitable destruction.----- From the almost incessant rain we had experienced for some time before, and the rapidity of the land-springs, which poured down on every side from the very summit, we were very much alarmed in our passage, lest one of these masses should arrest us; particularly as the wall had been driven in several parts down the precipice into the sea by similar accident; and indeed

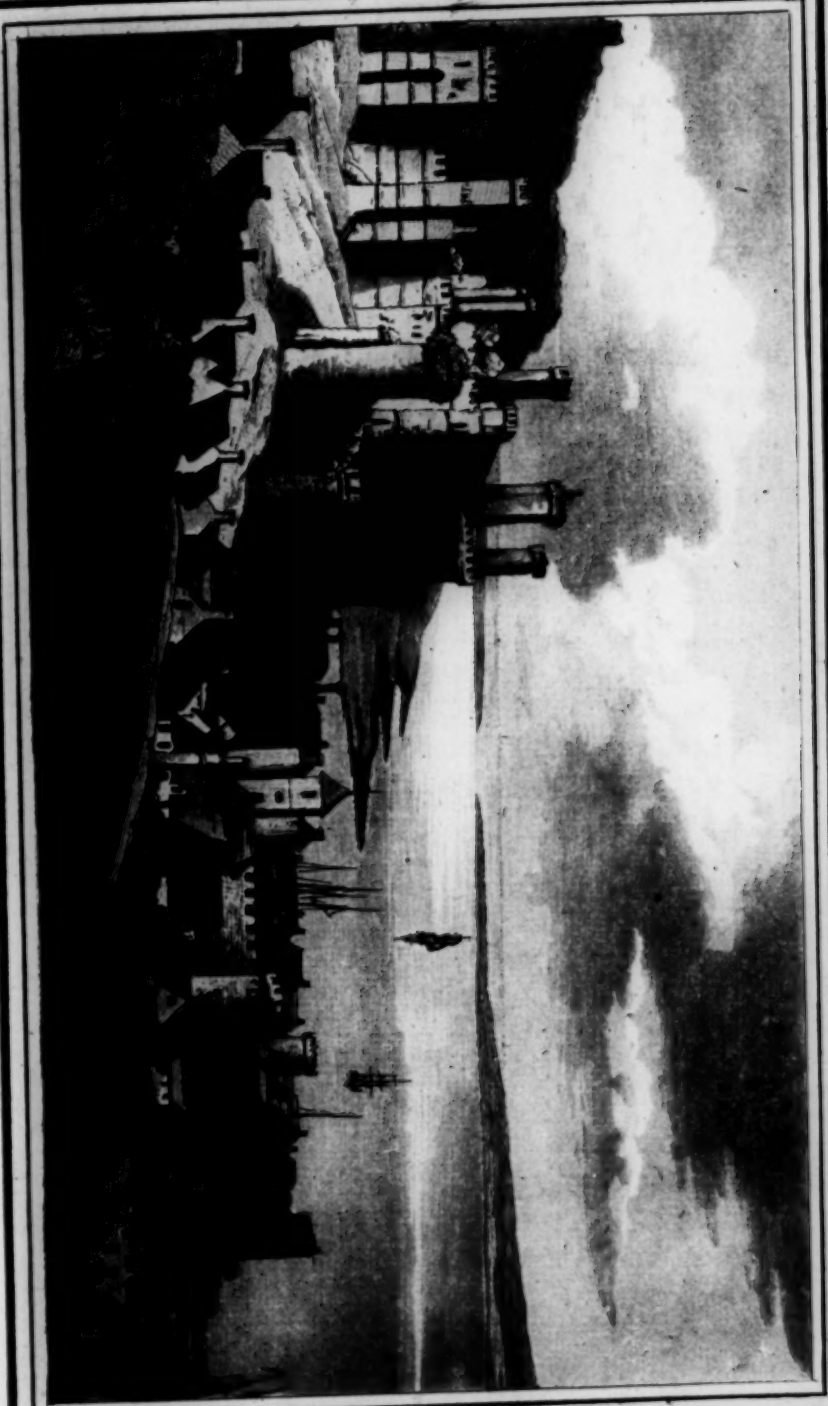
deed one huge fragment lay in the middle of the road, to all appearance very recently removed from above, and which I am certain, if broken up, could not have been cleared away by ten large waggons. Formerly the road was over the sands, which was extremely dangerous, and many lives were sacrificed. We saw a great number of wild goats of a white colour on the sides of these two mountains, mostly near the summits. Their haunts are every way unapproachable, and I do not think a musket ball from the road would do execution amongst them.

Bangor is situated very flatly: There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of the cathedral: the streets are mean, and the population not very great. The passage from the ferry here to *Anglesea* is about a mile over: this city was once so large as to be called *Bangor* the great, and was defended by a powerful castle, built
by

by *Hugh* Earl of *Chester*: It has long been demolished. The present church is supposed to have been built in the reign of *Henry VII.* The inn near it is a very good one. The road from here to *Caernarvon* is as good as the Western road at *Hyde-Park* corner, with mile stones and direction posts. On one side, we saw the sea and the town of *Beaumaris*, with Lord *Buckley* and Lord *Penrhyn's* seats; and on the other, a rich and extensive vale, intersected with numberless little rivulets and murmuring cascades in miniature, at the extremity of which rise the majestic hills of *Snowdon*. We saw these prominent features of nature at a particularly lucky period. Their tops on the Western side were tinged with the saffron reflection of the declining sun; and to the Eastward, on the other, the moon appeared in her fullest diameter, casting in parts her cool grey lustre in contrast on their base, and appearing

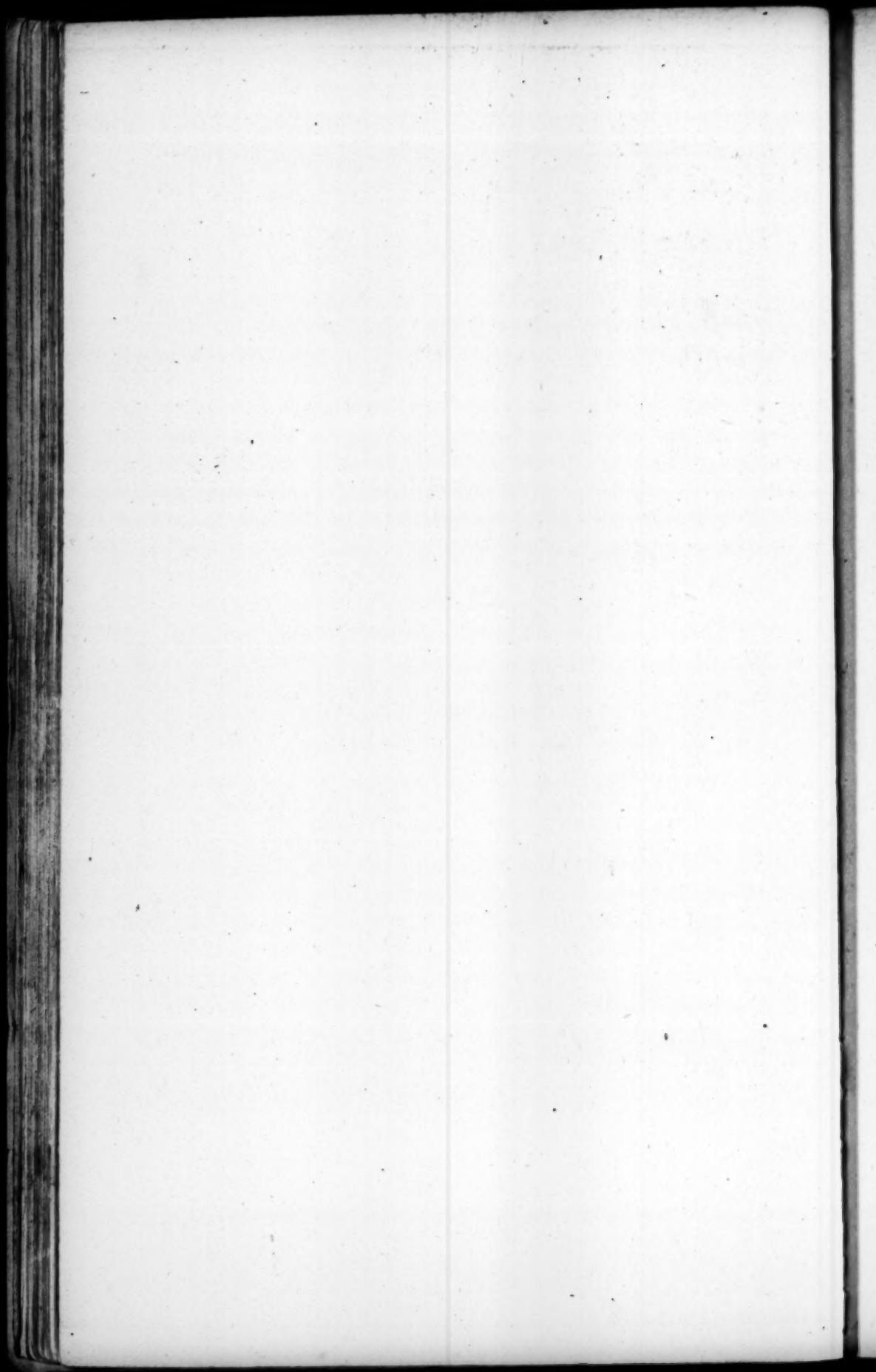
ing wholly prevalent in the vale. The rainy clouds were slowly dispersing, and clearing round their caps with the appearance of huge bolsters.

Caernarvon town was built by command of *Edward I.* out of the ruins of the ancient city of *Segontium*. The Princes of *Wales* formerly kept their chancery and exchequer courts here. On the West side of it stands the castle, which was intended to curb the Welsh mountaineers, and secure the passage to *Anglesea*. In a part of it is shewn a room, in which *Edward II.* is said to have been born. About ten years after his birth, it was besieged by the Welsh; but soon after repaired. This town covers twice as much ground as *Bangor*: and the gentle breeze from the sea is highly acceptable, after wandering for sultry hours in its mountainous vicinity. The streets are clean here, and the place has a neat appearance: At the hotel,



CAERNARFON.

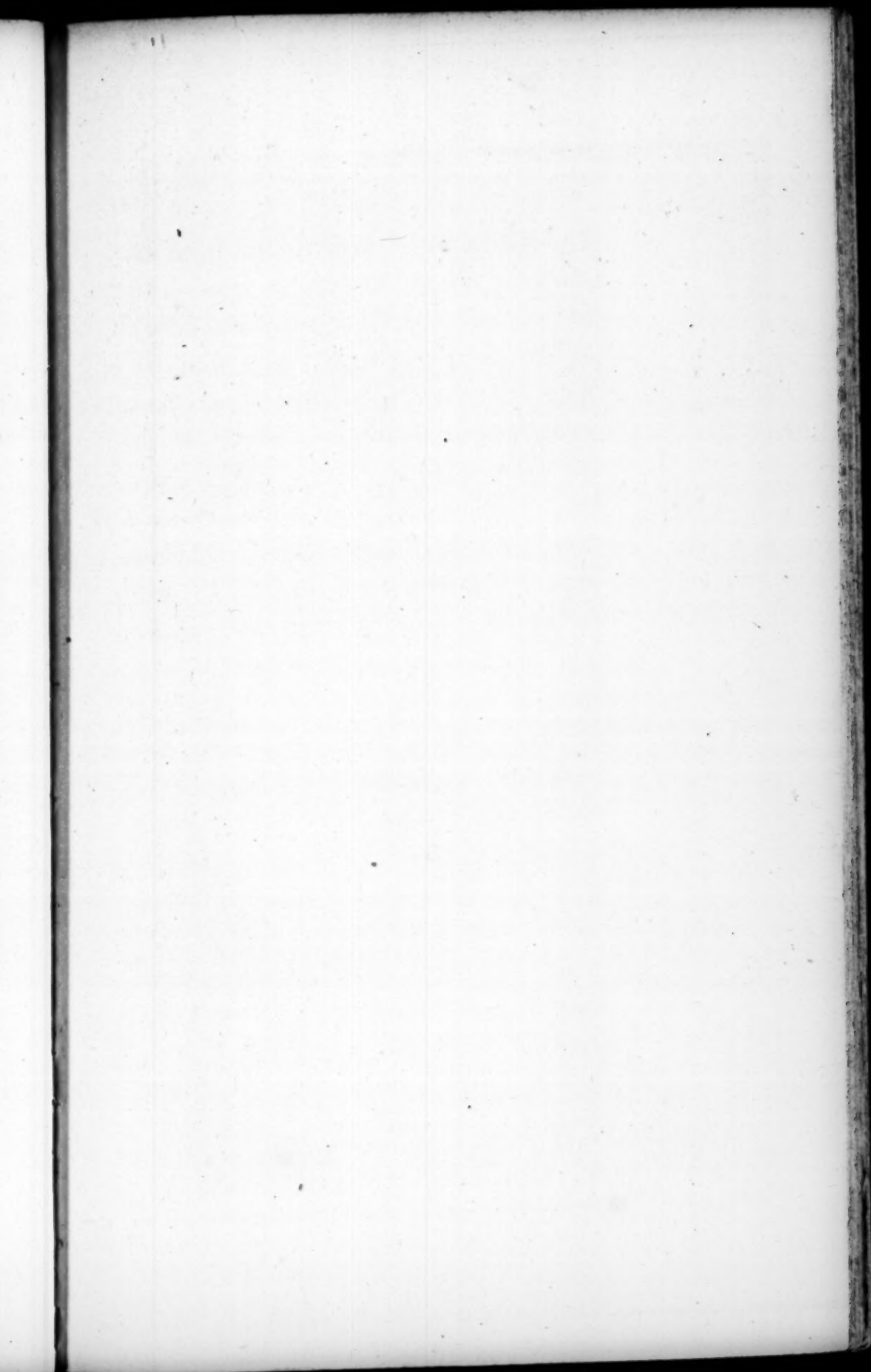
Engraved by W. H. Sturt.



hotel, good accommodation is afforded; but here, as well as at all the inns already visited, I was not able to discern any *penchant* for cleanliness. It is difficult, all through *North-Wales*, to find any novelty or scarce any change in provision:--- Mutton, chickens and ducks, are the materials, on which the traveller must ring the changes, as skilfully as he can. Vegetables are scarce, and what are to be had, very bad: The ale is strong, and greatly provocative to somniferous orisons.

Llanberris Lake, at the base of *Snowdon*, ten miles from hence, is worthy of notice. The road is particularly remarkable, for being strewed with huge masses of stone, which appear to be the interior wreck of some vast mountain.--- At the near verge of this water, we procured by signs (for English is not understood here) a flat-bottomed sort of dung barge, in which a couple of stout
legitimate

legitimate sons of *Cambria* undertook to paddle us down to *Snowdon's* foot. The pinnacle of this sublime mountain, called in the vicinity *the cap*, was fortunately free from the generally collected clouds, and we had an uninterrupted prospect of all the beauties of the scenery. A very shattered remnant of a castle, called *Dolbadern*, is now standing; and, in the distance, appears as a small knoll or lump, scarcely to be discriminated in the vast expanse. The people here are really almost in a state of simple nature. The value of money is scarcely known: they pay the rent of their premises in cattle generally, which they breed on their land. Flesh is scarce ever tasted by them; and, except when visitors leave behind remnants of wine, ale, &c. milk is the principal beverage that passes their lips. They are remarkably observant of any decorations worn by ladies, such as beads, laces, and feathers, which





Painted by J. G. Jones, by H. W. Jones, 1870, in the original.

Reproduced by J. G. Jones.

SNOWDON from LLANBERRIS LAKE.

which strengthened my opinion of their similitude with the *Otaheiteans*, &c. These they admire, and handle with a sort of rudeness bordering on savage manners; likely to raise alarm in the breast of the fair wearer.

Snowdon itself is a principal object in the traveller's pursuit; at the hotel at *Caernarvon*, information how to attain its summit is to be obtained. The mists and fogs are here so prevalent, that it is a sort of lottery, however with 100 blanks to a prize, whether the very great fatigue attendant on climbing its brow affords the smallest gratification *in ultimum*. When the prospect is unobstructed, it is the most wonderful map imagination can form: the elements in the distance seem mingling with each other; and earth, air, and water, unite in one general mass.

Quithlin lake on the road from *Caernarvon* to *Snowdon* is a large sheet of water, about a mile in length, but not particu-

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larly

larly remarkable for any picturesque beauty. Near here the ascent to *Snowdon* begins.

Bethgellart is situated in the heart of mountains. On the road, *Nantz-Mill* is a beautiful little prominent object, with a very musical water-fall, furnishing ample subject for the pen of a pastoral poet. At the caravanfera at *Bethgellart* we found what we had been strangers to for many a day, good port wine. Our host, however, considered it as a hog does a pearl. Sir John Barley-corn is lord paramount of a very extensive manor here, and his vassals are bowing and *nodding* to him in every hovel, with as much devotion as Brahmins to an Indian idol.

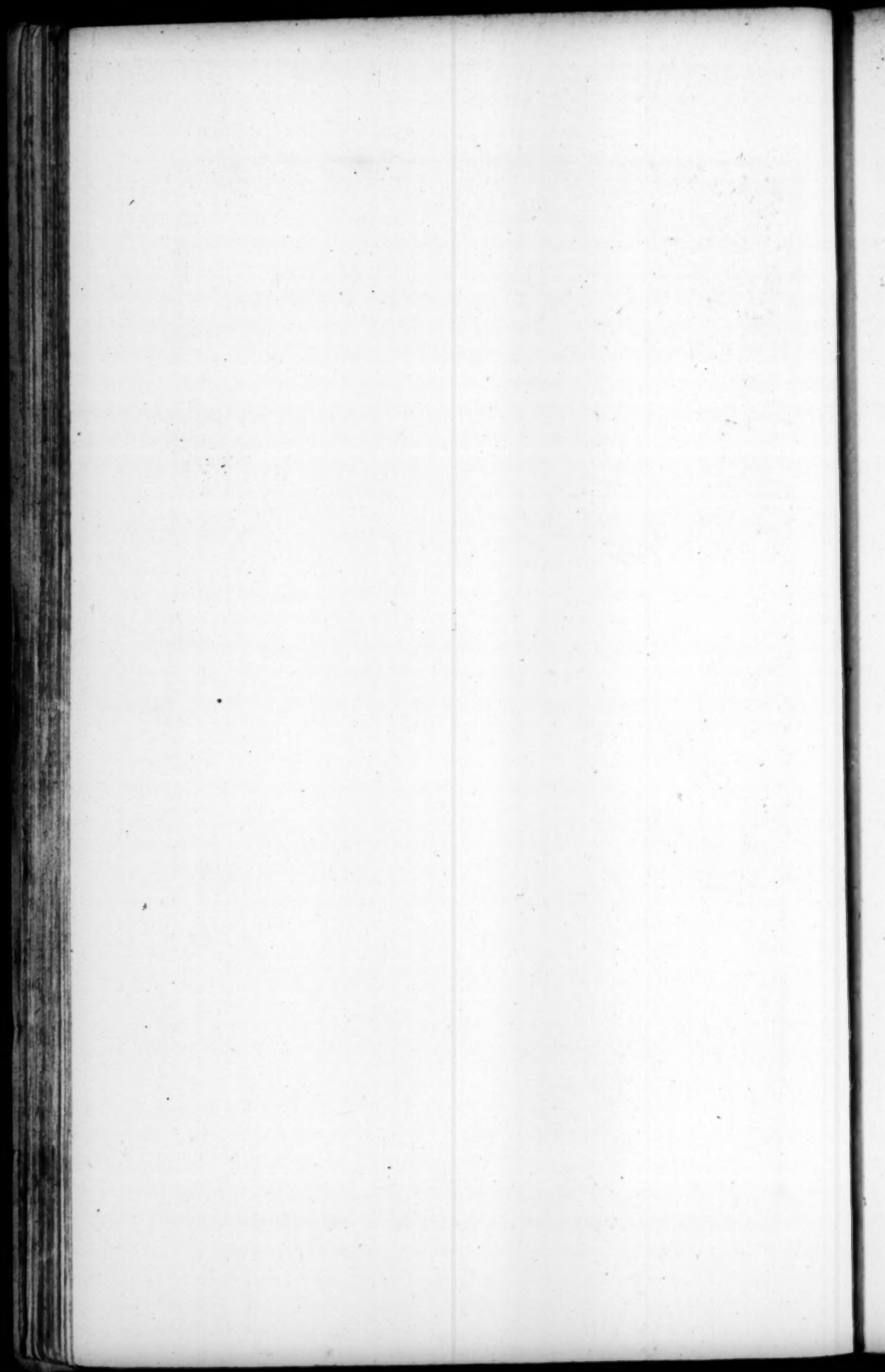
The road from hence to *Pont Aberglafsllyn* lies between two very high mountains. Goats without number are seen prowling in these inaccessible heights. The bridge consists of one arch, boldly pitched from rock to rock. The salmon
leap

MILL ZLNFN

NANTZ MILL.

View of Nantz Mill, from the Nantz Mill, looking N.E.







Published by the U.S. Geological Survey, Washington, D.C.

P.O. N. T. A. B. R. C. L. A. S. S. E. N.

leap here is much talked of, and deserves notice : the fall is about six feet, and the fish are seen springing upwards very frequently; we saw several large ones, some of which failed in their attempt, and were forced away with the rapidity of the stream. Several copper mines are to be seen, but most of them appear neglected and filled with water. It is impossible to imagine a more secluded situation than this : rude unfinished masses of compound matter, as if just struck off from the great anvil of nature, are every where scattered; and convey an idea of chaotic fragments, stored away for the formation of another world.

Mists and rains are here constant :--- sometimes in a moment, when viewing nature in all her brilliancy, the admiring traveller is enveloped in clouds. This was our case; and with great difficulty and some danger, we found our

way 12 miles back to our *Caernarvon* quarters. Returning to *Caernarvon*, I shall just observe that this town has a very great trade for flates; the passage from hence to Anglesea, at low water, is choaked with sand, and of course very shallow; there is a boat or two here to be hired, but *Bangor* ferry is the general passage. The face of the island from hence is flat, and totally uninteresting. Some very good fish, called codlings, are here caught in great numbers; and provisions are very plentiful and reasonable. Many capital *general* shopkeepers inhabit this town, but the commonalty are poor in the extreme:---as at *Corwen*, men, women, and children,---cows sheep, and pigs---pig promiscuously together. The hogs are of a remarkably large breed, and the increase of them is much attended to;---to kill a fucking pig would be deemed almost a sacrilege.

In

In the high street, are two excellent springs, at which the Welsh girls are every hour attendant ;---and without shoe or stocking, trip over hedge and stile, with their pitchers on their heads, blithesome and content with their humble beverage.

Tan-y-Bwlch, the next place for accommodation, is twenty-one miles from *Caernarvon* ; the road is so very bad, that four horses must be engaged : it is indeed almost impassable ; though at first we thought our host was putting tricks upon travellers, yet we found it quite the contrary. In the way, we passed what is called a quaking bog ; which travellers are necessitated to do with as much speed as possible. The prospect in parts is dreary in the extreme ; a mountainous and rocky desert country extends as far as the eye can reach, with scarce any beaten track ; the surface entirely covered in places with rude rock. Our

weather was most uncomfortable : the wind howling like hyænas through the chafms in the cliffs, and a thick darkness periodically enveloping us, made us not in love with dame Nature in her present garb---her decorations were more suitable to a *Hecate*.....We witnessed here a remarkable phenomenon : looking into a vale beneath us, the dark clouds were revolving and veiling the country in perfect night ; whilst on the other hand, the mountains' brows and sides were gilded with the sun's beams ; and a large illumined extent of country peeping between them, terminated by the sea, gave a masterly finish to a landscape, novel and sublime in the extreme.

The little inn at *Tan-y-Bwlch* appears from a very high summit of a mountain over a lovely woody vale, as a small white speck. The inconveniences of the vile road we had hitherto past, had fatigued us beyond



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FESTINIO.

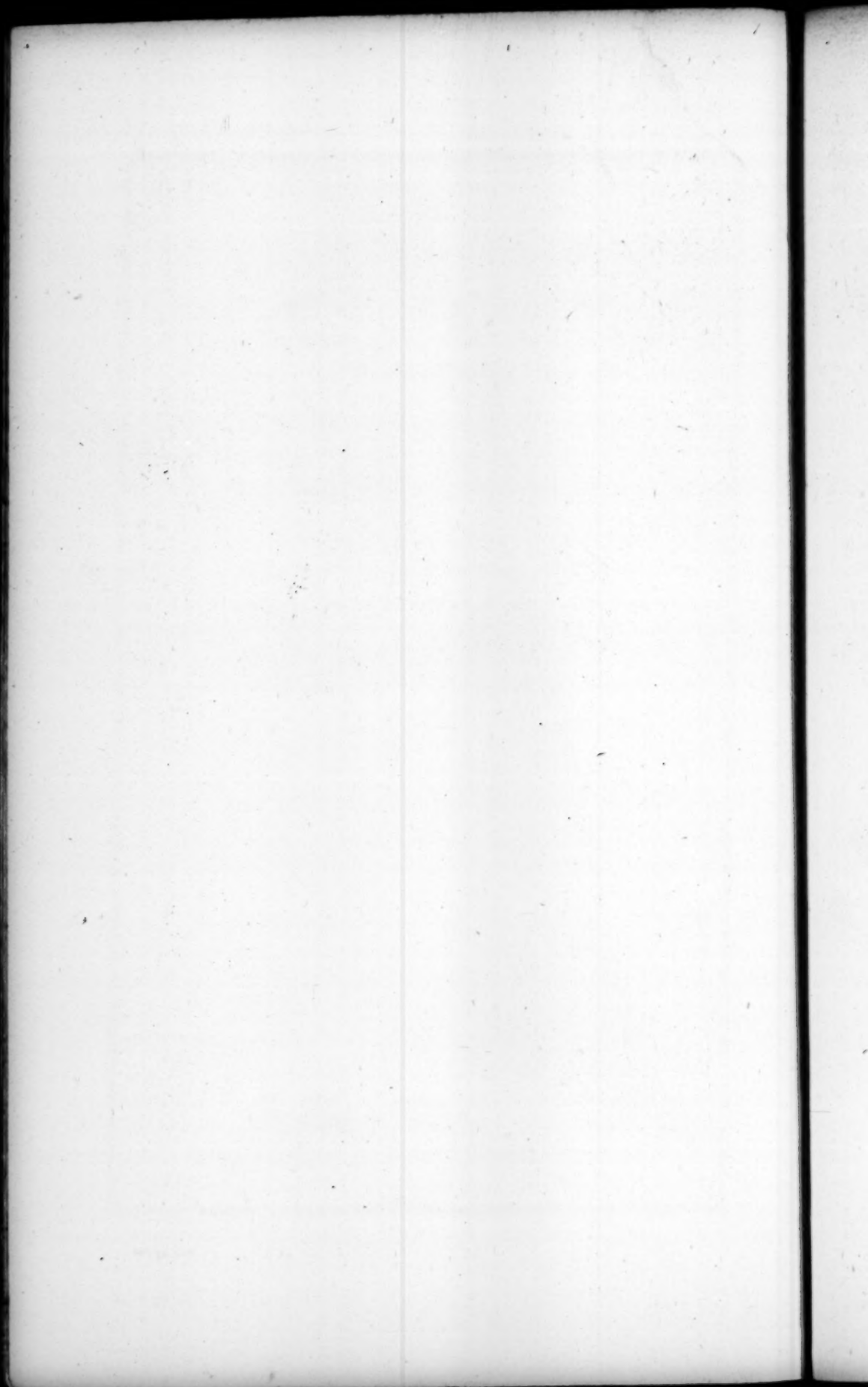
yond measure, and we began to reckon upon the comforts of good beds and a good supper; we had indeed a dispute, whether we should order chickens or chops: but our mortification on drawing up to the door can hardly be conceived, when mine host with a petrifying phiz approached us, to say he had no room to receive us. Indeed there are, as I understand, but two beds to be occupied here with any degree of convenience. We had no other remedy than, if possible, to reach *Festiniog*, three long Welsh miles, at nearly dark, and with horses entirely knocked up. These three miles of as steep road as any we had yet passed, we had to walk (for our horses could scarcely move the carriage) in the dark. We reached the inn (as it is called) at *Festiniog*, which we had nearly passed, mistaking it for a barn or out house. I addressed myself to an ancient female, who had every appearance of a Welsh

weird sister, and demanded if we could have beds? After telling us, that she supposed we only came there, because there was no accommodation at *Tan-y-Bwlch*,--- with seeming reluctance she agreed we should pitch our tents for the night here. There is no kind of asylum within 17 miles of this place; therefore we were not a little satisfied at being under any kind of roof, as the rain had been incessant for many hours. Bad therefore, as the best room was, we secured it, ordered a peat fire to be lighted, and inquired what provision was to be had. The old lady waited on us, to what she called the larder, in the approach to which we were nearly necessitated to creep on all fours. The appearance of its contents could certainly not vie with the Bush at *Bristol*. In a small deal packing case lay a small leg of starved mutton, and a duck ready dressed; each of which, from their cadaverous

ous



A WELSH LANDLADY.



ous hue, and their effect on our olfactory nerves, had not been near the fire for a fortnight. Hunger, however, we had to trust to for fauce, and the whole contents of this receptacle of luxuries was soon placed on our table. We found some good ale, to which we attended so closely, that our hostess began to tremble, lest we should empty the cellar, as we had already done the larder. The inhabitants drink this liquor very sparingly: a stone jug containing a pint is the general allowance at a village gossiping: When the great personages (to wit, the curate, the blacksmith, the barber, and exciseman) assemble to settle the affairs of the nation, they drink it alternately out of a small cup, generally about twice the size of a walnut shell. It is whimsical in the extreme to be under the necessity of describing, what is wanted in pantomime: many curious and laughable mistakes occurred to us, in consequence

quence of the domestics and peasantry being totally unacquainted with the English language, and more particularly at this place. Our bed rooms were most miserable indeed, the rain poured in at every tile in the cieling. The state room was decorated with two treffels, on which was nailed a common garden mat, on which lay a sort of feather bed. The sheets were literally wringing wet, with much difficulty we had them aired, but we thought it most prudent to sacrifice to *Somnus* in our own garments between blankets. To conclude my remarks on this place---The whole external appearance, the bed room, the staircase, and every part of the mansion, reminded us strongly of an incident in *Count Fathom*: and we were both not a little pleased at turning our backs on it in the morning.

From here to *Dolghelly* is 18 miles, over mountains, and on the side of precipices;
in

in the valley, a romantic rivulet murmurs over its rocky base: and when within a few miles of this town, the towering summit of *Cader Iris* terminates the prospect. At the turnpike gate dwells the guide to this mountain, and also to the waterfalls in the vicinity, which every traveller must see, unless he means to out-do a certain *inquisitive* noble personage, who visited *Florence* to cull the beauties of art, and omitted paying devours to the *Medicean Venus*. This man has been a remarkable character, is very communicative and well informed: He has been guide on the same occasion to *Wilson*, *Gainsborough*, and every artist, who, for 30 or 40 years back, have visited these places.

There is a very comfortable inn here, and excellent salmon and trout to be obtained: The mutton is also very good. *Dolghelly* is situated at the foot of *Cader-Iris*, an aspiring mountain, nearly as high

as *Snowdon*: It by no means on entrance strikes the traveller in its favour.

The houses are very mean, and composed for the most part of stones piled up with neither mortar or cement of any sort. The inhabitants wear neither stockings or shoes, and seem indolent in the extreme. Very few of them ever taste animal food: there are here and there a few straggling sheep and black cattle, with which they pay their landlords. The value of money has been but very lately at all known amongst them. The country is terminated on all sides by mountains, the skirts of which are fertile, but the summits bleak and barren.

From hence it is necessary (especially if ladies are in the party) to hire chaises to visit the water-falls, called (to the most distant one) seven miles; the road, however, is only passable for carriages a part of the way. The old man already mentioned

is

is the leader, and indeed it is much the best to engage him on entrance to *Dolghelly* to be in waiting at a particular hour, as he is very frequently hired several days, previous to his attendance. A curious character was our driver, and though not quite so natty in appearance as the lads of the whip between *London* and *Windsor*, yet we found him civil, attentive, and communicative, but this last only to the extent of the powers of dumb shew-----
 “ *Nimium ne crede coloris* ”---was applicable on the occasion. When we left the chaise, we had three miles to traverse over a mountain the most difficult of access we had yet trod. Innumerable bogs in which at one erroneous step the traveller would be overwhelmed, lay seemingly in our only path, and into which we must inevitably have sunk, but for our guide pointing out to us and assisting us to attain the large masses of stony rock,
 which

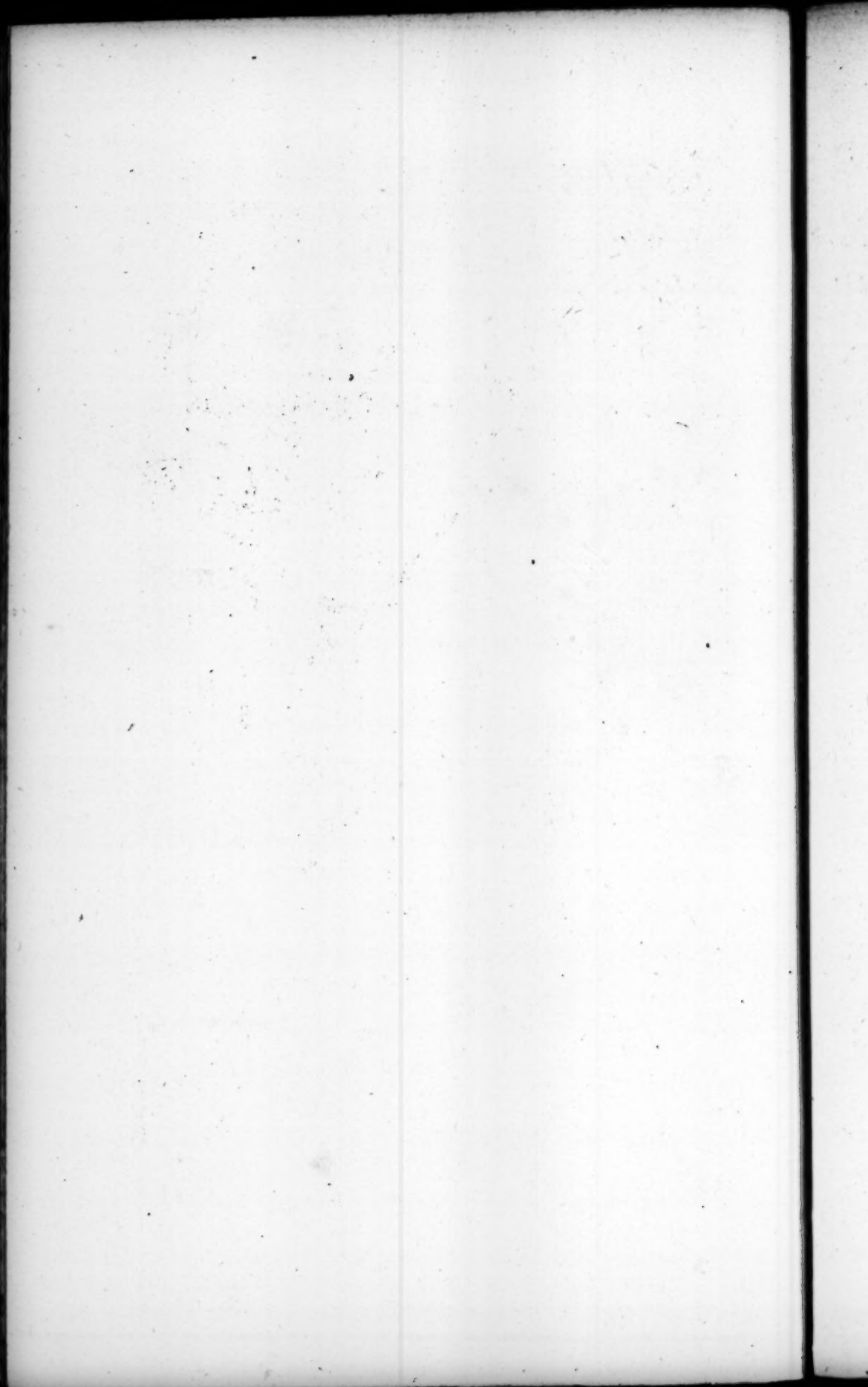
which lay scattered in every direction. After ascending and descending with every possible impediment in our road for about two miles, our ears were made sensible of the vicinity of the first cataract. It was necessary for us indeed in some places to slide down the slippery side of a mountain, to obtain a view of this most beautiful effort of nature---and pass over a rotten plank (just wide enough for a single person) thrown over the channel which receives the cataract.

It is impossible for pen or pencil to convey any idea of the beauties of this scene. A vast torrent, from an height of several hundred feet, rolling foaming down the rock; hid here and there by romantically projecting leafage; and its fall, at about every twenty yards, broken by a jutting granite promontory, projecting its liquid mass into innumerable channels, with deafening roar impelled to
the



WATER FALL near DOLGHELLY.

Published by J. H. Martineau, 15, No. 15, Chancery Lane, London.



the base---is a subject truly sublime and magnificent. The river, at its arrival in its rocky channel, runs tempestuously under the decayed pass already described, which is suspended from it at about 100 feet.

At a very small distance from hence, through a boggy wood, is the other water-fall; which descends in one perpendicular broad sheet of water from the same height as the last: this may be more magnificent, but is by no means equal in picturesque beauty. Salmon and trout are here in abundance. The road in return is different, but not less unpleasant. It is highly adviseable to take some refreshment from *Dolghelly*, on this expedition: nothing can be procured on the road; and nature, with all assistant comforts, especially if the weather is hot, nearly sinks under fatigue before you can reach your vehicles.

On

On our return to *Dolghelly*, we found the town in an actual state of riot and confusion; we could not approach our inn, for the croud of surrounding peasantry. On inquiring into the occasion of this tumult, we were informed that a Gentleman had just arrived, with---a *black servant*! This phenomenon had set the Welsh in an uproar, it being the first time such a tinted being had made its appearance here: the poor fellow was persecuted by them wherever he went, and both his master and him were actually forced to continue their route sooner than they intended, in consequence.

The road from hence runs at the foot of *Cader Iris*, where there is a pool of water; near to which, three tremendous masses of rock, seemingly broken and fallen from the summit of a mountain, are seen. The vulgar Welsh say that this mountain was the chair of a giant, who,
going



Illustrated by W. H. Sturt.

ABERGISTWITH.

going to wash his feet in the pool, kicked off his shoes, in which these three stones were. The road here is very rugged ; and it is politic to be particularly attentive, at setting out, to the state of the axle tree, wheels, &c: a few cords may, perhaps, be found convenient amongst the baggage. At *Macchynlith* there is a good inn, with an excellent larder and beds ; this is a large town. From *Dolghelly* to this place, many scenes in the style of *Pouffin* ought to be admired. This place lies in a valley, surrounded by mountains ; and has a town hall. It stands in the extreme west angle of *Montgomeryshire*, and is separated from *Merionethshire* by a bridge and small rivulet. From hence to *Aberistwith* is twenty miles, over an uphill and rocky road. The market at *Aberistwith* is numerously attended, by nymphs and swains from an extensive vicinity, and is a very interesting scene ; happiness beams in every countenance, and

rural felicity may, perhaps, raise some portion of envy in the passing emigrant children of fashion and dissipation. About September players attend here; and the town hall is then the theatre.

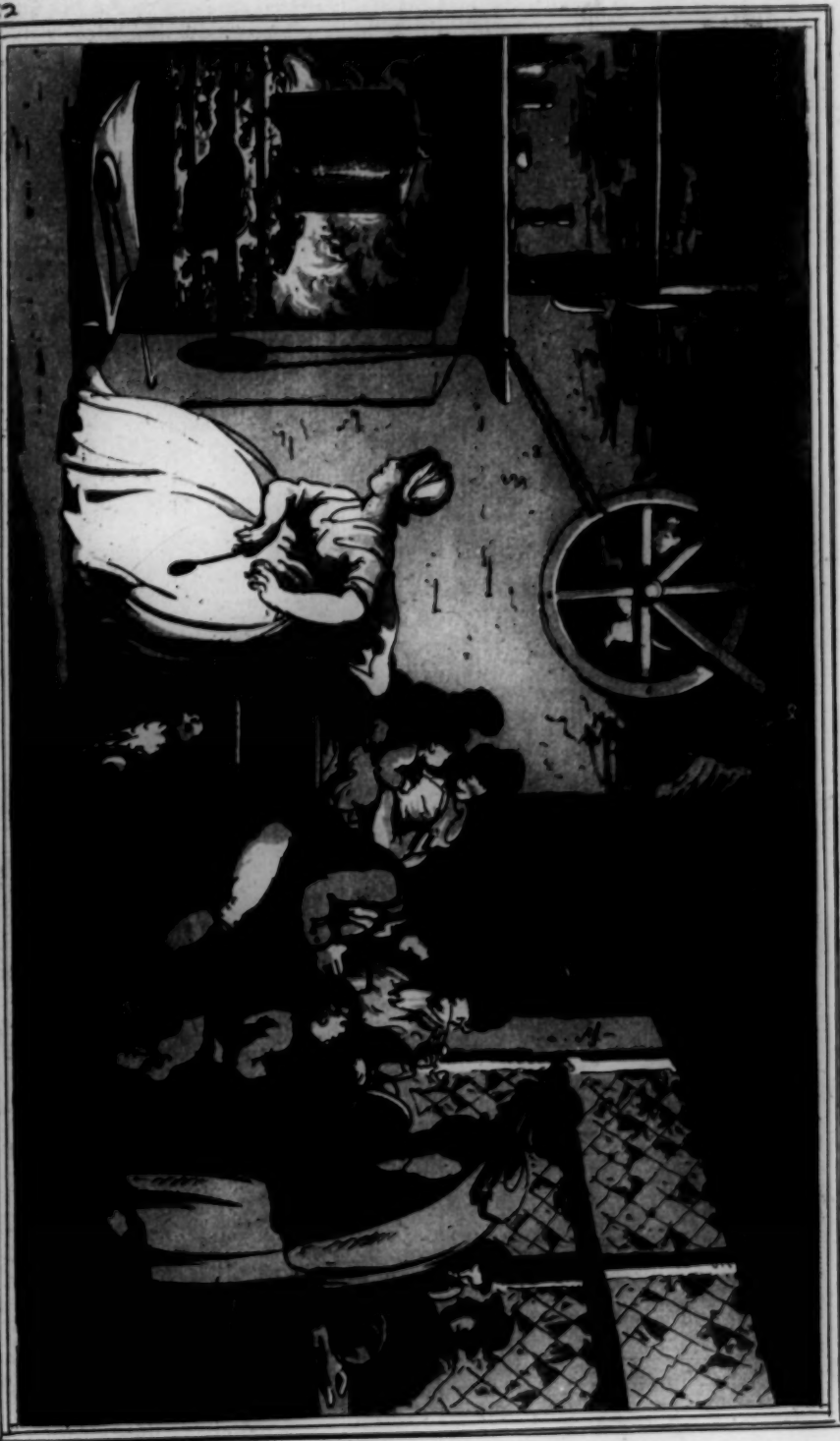
In the winter months there are frequent assemblies. This town is a fashionable watering place, to which most families in the vicinity resort in the season: it is called the *Brighton of Wales*: and situated in the bay of *Cardigan*, open to *St. George's Channel*. At the end of the town stands the decayed remnant of a large castle, once the residence of the great *Cadwallader*. It appears to have been a place of great strength. It was from the lead mines in this neighbourhood, that the celebrated *Sir Hugh Middleton*, projector of the New River, acquired the large fortune, which he afterwards devoted to that undertaking. He died nearly insolvent: but the riches of the present company



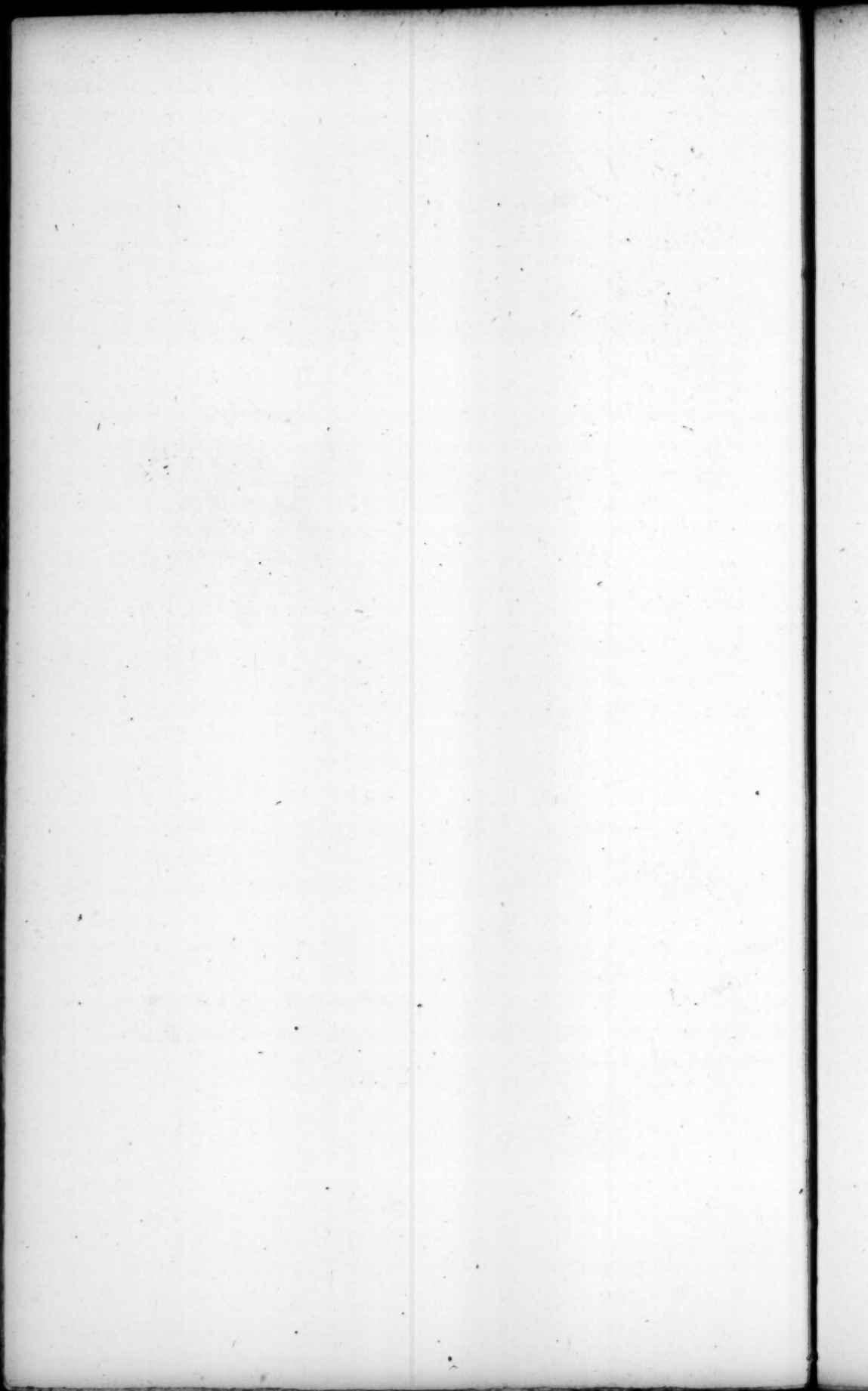
CARDIGAN.

pany clearly evince the utility of the plan to the metropolis. The stage from here is to *Cardigan* 40 miles, and very hilly; at 18 miles is a neat inn, (*Aberion*,) where it is absolutely necessary to rest; for in the other 22 miles, nothing like refreshment can be had. *Sir John Barley Corn* is here the faint most invoked. The inn at *Cardigan* is like most of the Welsh ones, not too cleanly in kitchen or bed-room. The town is, by no means, interesting or picturesquely situated: it is two miles from the sea; the remains of the castle are covered with ivy, and may be passed unnoticed. There is a handsome stone bridge over the Tovy, which rolls rapidly through its arches. The firing used here is called culm; it is made from the dust of coal, rolled up in round balls, mixed with clay, and gives great heat without smoke. The stage from hence to *Carmarthen* is 30 miles. We were informed that part of it was in

rainy weather, like the present, impassable ; that the wheels of carriages would not touch bottom in the bogs, &c. We conceived this to be policy in our host in order to detain us, and paid little attention ; we must, however, have done otherwise, had we not been provided with our own horses. The country from hence is cultivated to the very top of the hills, and begins to shew the great difference between North and South *Wales* ; barren rugged mountains, cataracts, and rocks, gradually become scarce objects, and the landscape evinces the more civilized state of the inhabitants. *Newcastle* is a pleasant village : at a decent inn here, a dog is employed as turnspit ; great care is taken that this animal does not observe the cook approach the larder ; if he does, he immediately hides himself for the remainder of the day, and the guest must be contented with more humble fare than intended.



Published by the Rev. and Mrs. George J. Van Allen.
 INSIDE OF A KITCHEN AT NEWCASTLE.



intended. The neighbouring peasantry live chiefly upon a coarse kind of black bread, very disagreeable in taste and appearance.

Unless there is a certainty of reaching *Carmarthen* before sun set, I would, by all means, recommend this village as night quarters: the difficulties and dangers we underwent by contrary conduct, were too unpleasant to risque repetition. *Carmarthen* is a very handsome town, and the Ivy Bush, a large inn, seemingly much frequented; it is, however, a sort of *Hobson's* choice. The gaol is a handsome stone building, seemingly situated within the ancient walls of the castle. A stone bridge crosses the river Tovy; which is very narrow and inconvenient here. People are seen on the banks of the river, launching their corricles, which they carry, as Indians do their canoes, on their backs, from place to place. This kind of boat is made of light wood,

covered with a horse's hide; and each contains just one fisherman, who, with a paddle, guides the vehicle with wonderful dexterity through the most rapid passes. They use these in the salmon fishery, which is abundantly productive: a salmon may be had for twopence per pound; what is not disposed of fresh at market, is salted and dried, and is to be found at the London shops, as Welsh salmon. The people are very indolent; even on market days, scarce a single article is exposed to sale, or a shop open, before nine or ten in the morning.

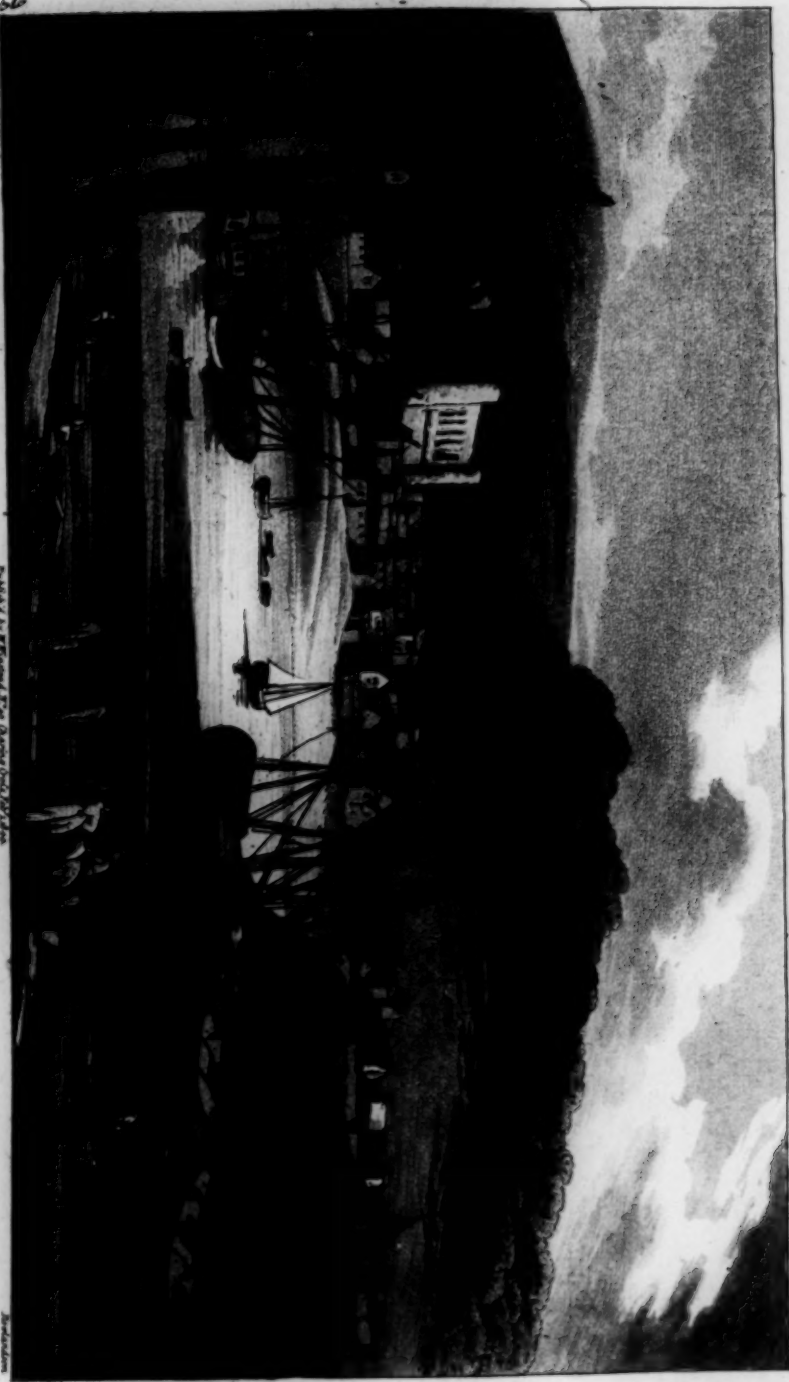
In our road from here to *Swansea*, 27 miles, our carriage occasioned much inconvenience to the Welsh peasantry, whom we met in hordes riding to market. None of their ponies would pass us; and their unexpected whirligig propensity occasioned several nymphs to lose the center of gravity, and some swains to become Welsh *Johnny Gilpins*.

At

At *Llannon*, much dirt and little provision is to be had: The cook on our arrival here was in the fuds, and, with unwiped hands, reached down a fragment of mutton for our repast: a piece of ham was lost, but after long search found amongst the worsted stockings and sheets on the board: A little child was sprawling in a dripping pan, which seemed recently taken from the fire: the fat in this was destined to fry our eggs in. Hunger itself even was blunted, and we hastened to *Swansea*, leaving our delicacies nearly untouched. I devoted my attention to a brown loaf, but on cutting into it, was surprised to find a ball of carrotty coloured wool; and to what animal it had belonged, I was at a loss to determine. Our table cloth had served the family for at least a month, and our sitting-room was everywhere decorated with the elegant relics

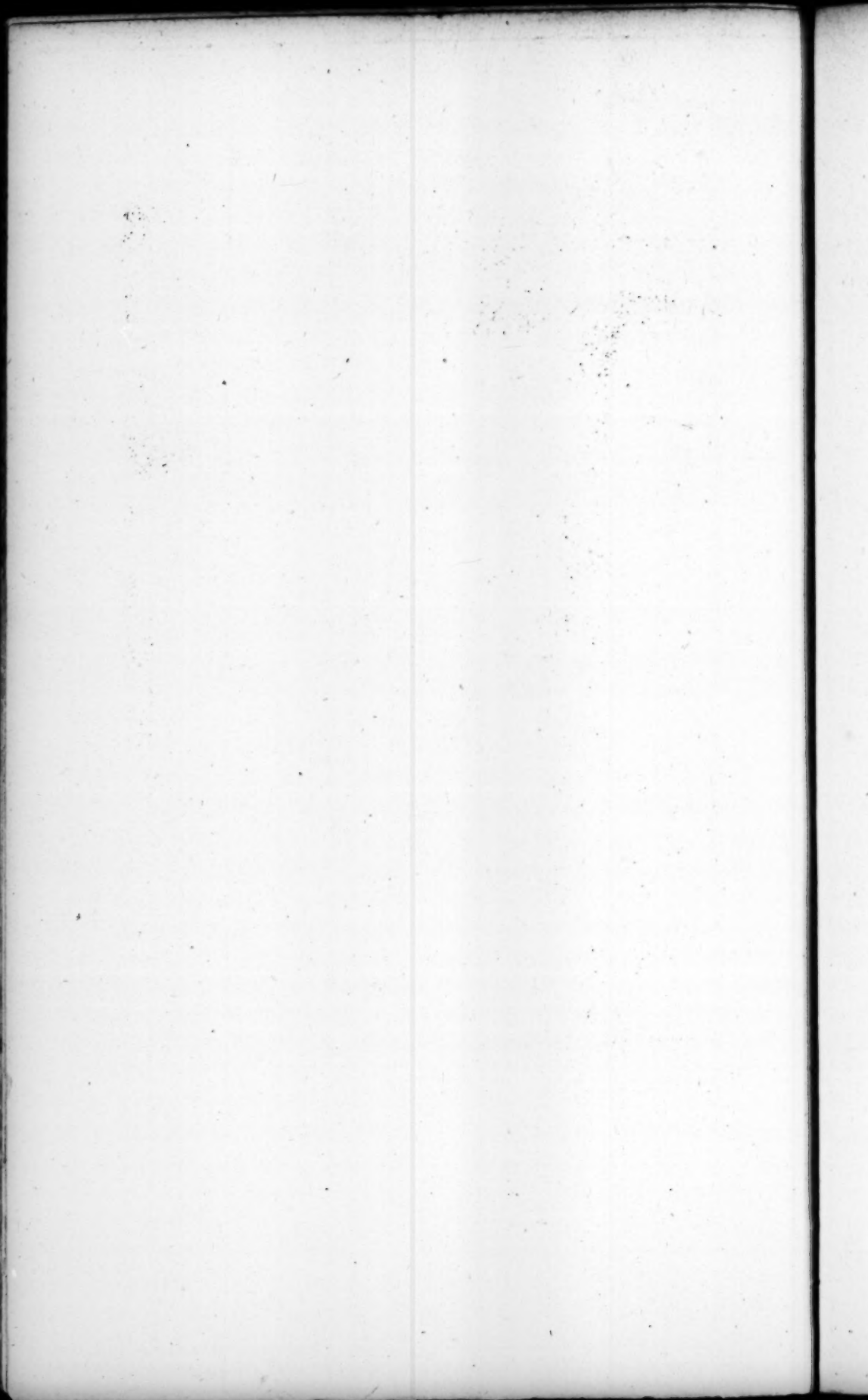
of a last night's smoking society, as yet unremoved.

Swansea is a very large town. (The *Mackworth* arms is the most frequented caravan-fera.) It is built at nearly the mouth of the *Towy*: Its chief trade is in coals, pottery, and copper. It has a theatre and library, and also bathing machines. In the vicinity are many pleasant rides; that to *Mumble* castle and bay, over the hard sand at low water, is remarkably delightful. The ruins of the castle are very picturesque: This was a favourite retreat of *Oliver Cromwell*. There is a good house of entertainment here, where excellent mutton, and large oysters may generally be had. After passing a very rugged road, *Caswell* bay opens, where is the finest sandy beach I ever saw. It is frequently visited by the neighbouring nymphs and their strephons; and here, favoured by the moon's cool gleam, they
trip



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S. W. A. N. S. E. Y.



trip it on the light fantastic toe to the shrill pipe and spirit-stirring tabor; while the gentle gliding wave murmurs in mournful accompaniment.

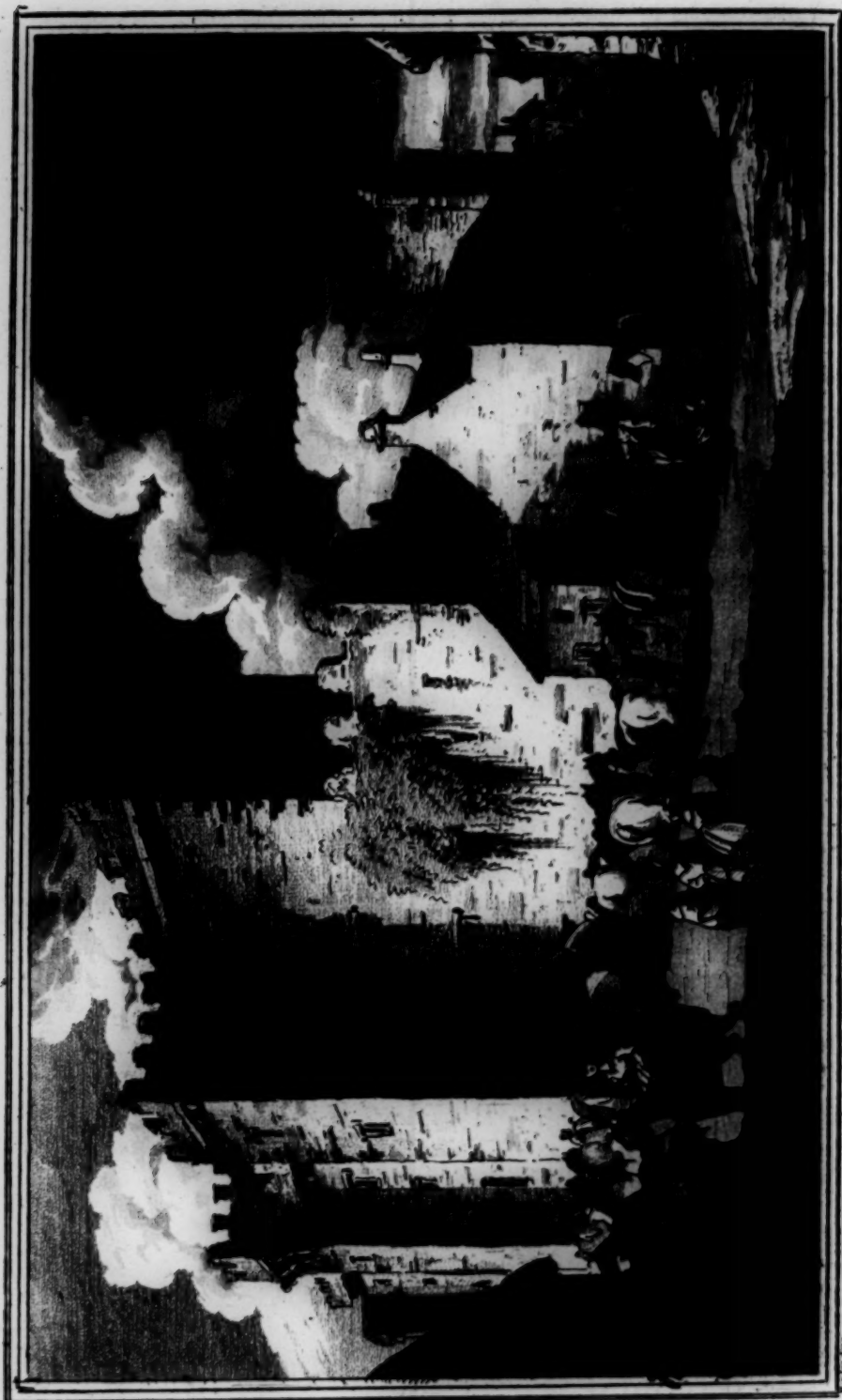
From *Swansea* to *Neath* is nine miles. *Breton* ferry in the road is a pleasant spot. A little before we entered *Neath*, the abbey attracted our notice; as well on account of the very great extent of ground it must have covered, as for some picturesque parts of its ruins. Its mutilated apartments afford at present miserable shelter to the wives and children of the miners, employed near it. The remains of the exterior of the church prove it to have been most magnificent, and of vast dimensions; the great hall is very perfect. The appearance of the miners on the road to this place, (especially at their dinner hour, when they are seen in great numbers, carrying their implements) led us to conceive them inhabitants of the infernal regions; which was not a little heightened

heightened by a back ground of fire and smoke. There is a very comfortable inn at *Neath*, and I can safely say, this was the first time in *Wales* I could use that epithet with strict propriety. The town is irregular but extensive: The castle is in a very ruinous state, and at present appropriated to confine hogs to fatten in.

From hence to *Pyle* is 12 miles, passing through *Aberavon*. At *Pyle*, is a most excellent inn, furnished with every accommodation, even to luxury. *Margam* or *Margham Abbey*, is about four miles from hence, somewhat in a retrograde direction. This, and the village, are so sequestered, that unless you are well directed from the inn, it is difficult to find them: we found it so, even from peasants within a quarter of a mile of the place. There is a very ancient cross here in the street, which rests against a public-house. The abbey, from the care of *Mr. Talbot*, (its tasteful proprietor,)

priotor,) is in a very perfect state: the altar, the receptacle for the lamp, and many of the sculptures on the grave stones in the body of the church, are in good preservation. The Orangerie here is composed of about a hundred of the largest trees in the three kingdoms, they are generally laden with fruit; and are placed on a lawn in due season, and removed into a receptacle, perhaps the most extensive in dimensions of any such extant. The elevation is said to be taken correctly from a Grecian edifice; the length is 337 feet, exceeding the celebrated stable building at *Chantilly*: we were astonished to find here some of the finest antiques ever imported; our eyes, after having been feasting on nature's sweets, were now gratified with the essence of ancient art, where we did not expect it; it was like discovering a *Palmyra* or a *Persepolis* in a desert. There are, amongst many other seemingly more than mortal efforts of the chissel---a whole length
Hercules;

Hercules; a priestess in drapery; an infant Bacchus; the bust of a fawn; and a most beautiful vase, embellished with bold relievo, which has been engraved from, by one of our first artists. *Cardiff* is from *Pyle*, 24 miles, passing through *Cowbridge*, which is a market town: the *Cardiff* arms is the most public receptacle for travellers. On this road, a most beautiful and extensive prospect suddenly bursts forth. The whole of the vale of *Glarmorgan*, with the *Somersetshire* and *Gloucestershire* shore, terminating the distance on the other side the *Severn*, and a circular expanse of at least 100 miles, in which innumerable villages, and their whited spires are seen peeping through their woody vistas, and meandering rivulets in all directions, gliding through every part of the landscape, affords ample food for attention and contemplation. *Cardiff* is a populous town; its situation is flat, on the verge of the river *Taafé*,
about



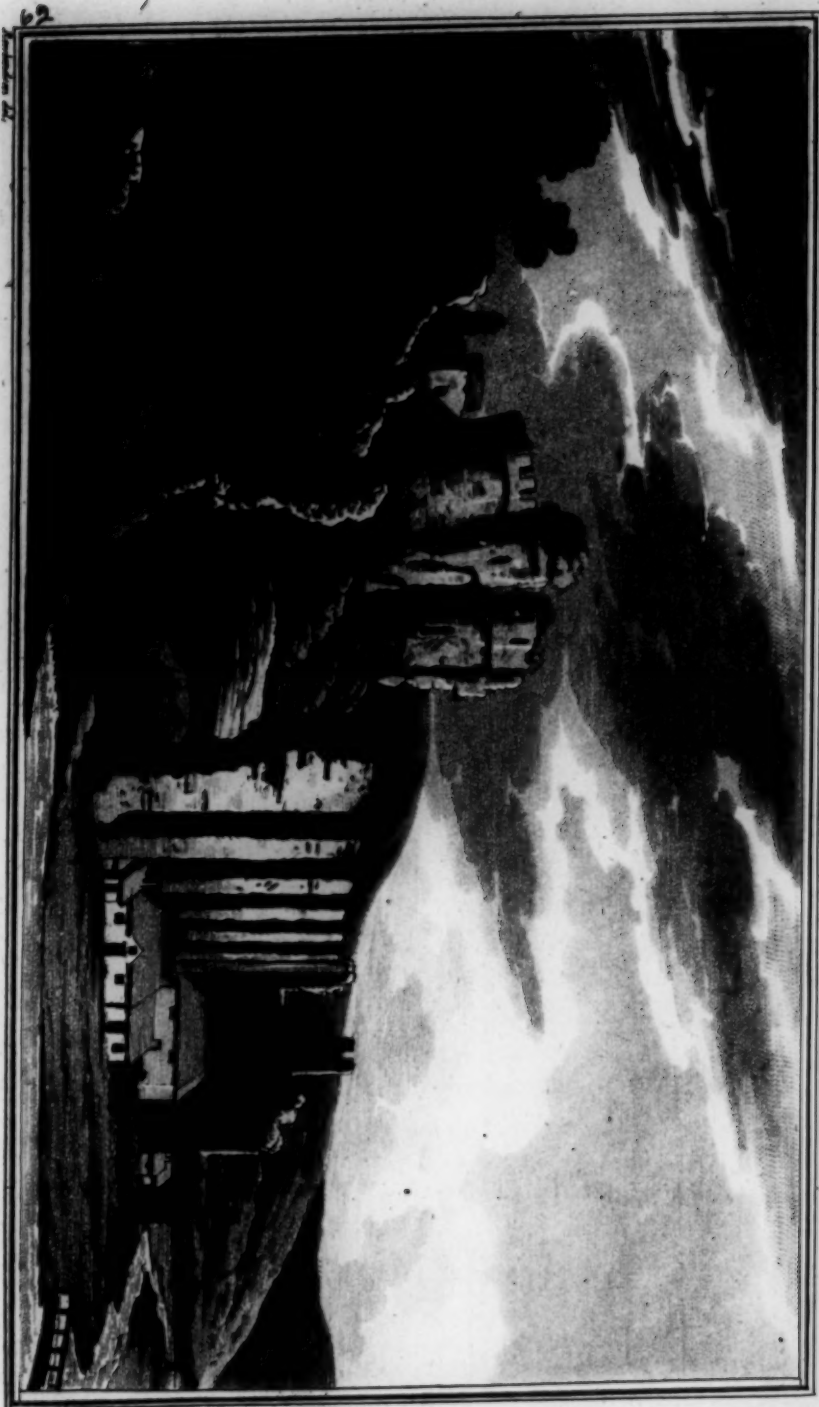
CARDIFF CASTLE.

W. & A. G. S. 1840.

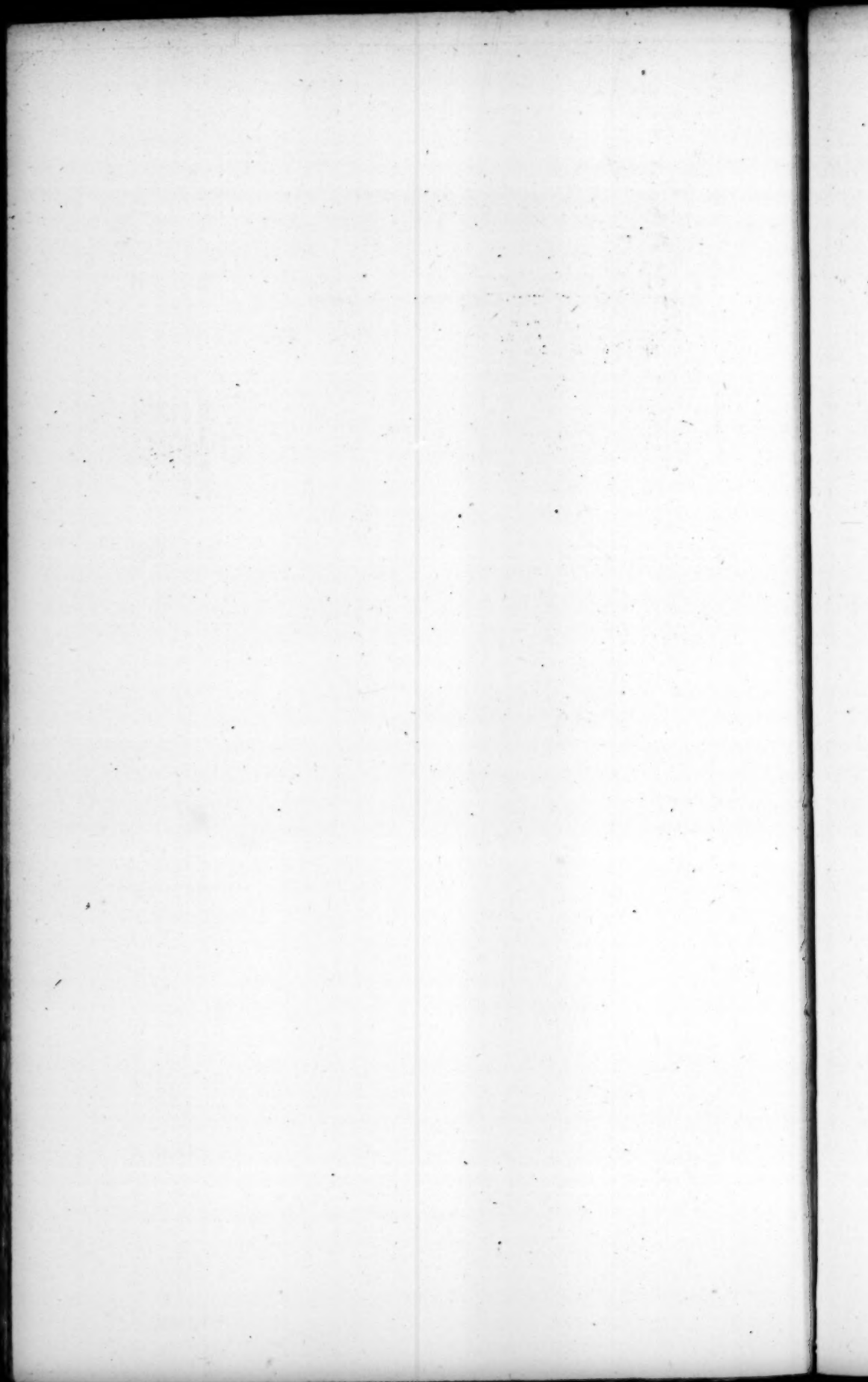
about two miles from its mouth in the *Bristol* channel. The old walls of *Cardiff* are very extensive; they are supposed to have been built by the first Norman invaders. *Cardiff* Castle is remarkable for having been the place where *Robert* the Elder, son of *William* the Conqueror, and the right heir of his father to both *England* and *Normandy*, was confined by *Henry* the First. Here he languished, deprived of his sight for 26 years, when his brother's cruelties ceased only with his death. The apartments in this castle have been modernized and furnished. The keep, and part of the old walls, convey some imperfect idea of their original state. A very fine gravel walk is raised all round the walls, which is the public promenade. The tower of the church is much admired for its Gothic beauty, lightness, and richness.

Caerphilly Castle, about eight miles from hence, is by much the most noble and extensive

extensive ruin in either North or South Wales. The road to it is full as bad as that already described from *Caernarvon* to *Festiniog*: it is literally a stair-case of rude rock, up and down alternately. Here again appears a beautiful extent of *Glamorgan Vale*. The village of *Caerphilly* is seated in a deep hollow, surrounded by fertilized mountains, The castle is situated in the midst of it, and rises an august monument of antiquity. There is a plan shewn by an old man here: the person who drew which, supposes the most ancient part to have been built 400 years before Christ; and that the hanging tower, which is eleven feet and six inches out of the upright, was rent so at the Crucifixion. The measured circumference of the walls, we were told, exceeded two miles and a half; many of them, if so, must now be buried in bogs, &c. to render this plausible. The most modern part of this castle is computed,



CAERPHILLY CASTLE.



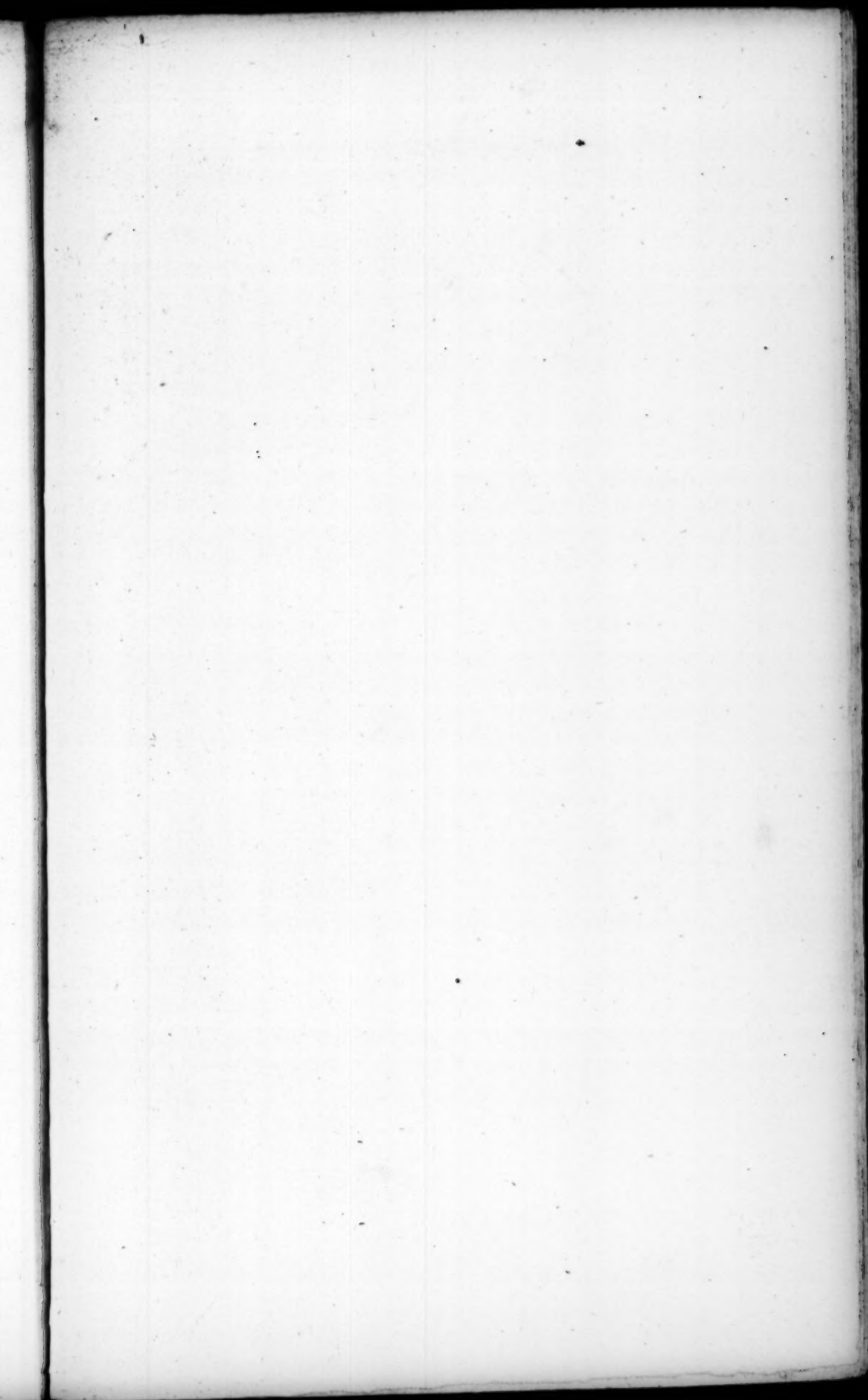


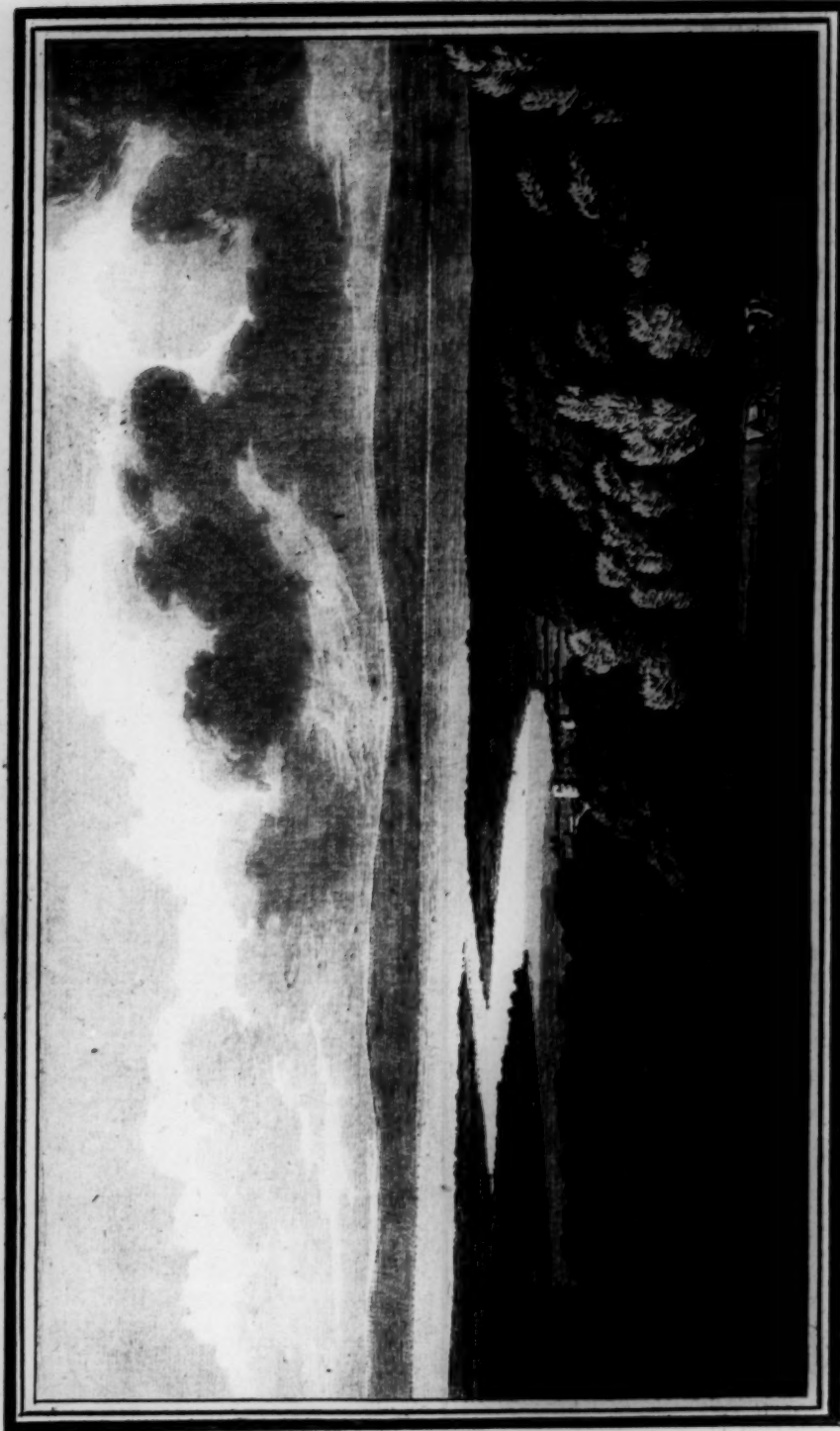
THE HANGING TOWER AT CAERPHILLY.

puted, by the best antiquarians, to have been built in 1221; the ancient part having been nearly destroyed in 1217. Spencer held this castle for King Edward the Second, and was besieged in it by the Queen's and Barons forces in 1327. As this place is not in the direct route, it is necessary to return to *Cardiff*; from whence to *Newport* is 12 miles. On the road to which is seen the *Bristol* Channel and the Severn: on the other sides in distant aërial hue, appear the coasts and shores of *Cornwall*, *Devon*, *Somerset*, and *Gloucester*. *Newport* is a large, miserable, dirty town, approachable by a steep descent. The inn here is built close to the gaol. The old houses here are said to have been erected with the ruins of the ancient City of *Caerleon*, of Roman celebrity. The bridge at *Newport* is composed of loose planks, which, in passing, have a very unsafe appearance. The river *Uſke* frequently rises with such rapidity, as to clear away in its course,

course, every material that resists its fury. The inhabitants have often experienced its woful effects; but now the loose planks rise, float, and fall with the tide. From here to *Chepstow* is 16 miles. At two miles on the left hand is *Caerleon*. Ruins of Roman temples, baths, aqueducts, and a theatre, are still traceable. *Camden* has preserved a list of Roman antiquities, found here; and daily proofs of its ancient celebrity are discoverable.

The entrance (on this road) to *Chepstow*, is by no means deserving notice; on the contrary, we began to think we had mistaken the situation, the vicinity of which has been so frequently the haunt of genius. The *Beaufort Arms* is situated about as pleasantly as a house of entertainment in *Hedge Lane*. In a few paces, however, down the street, the banks of the *Wye* attracted our attention, and seemed to promise much. The castle here is a prominent bold feature





*The UNION of the WYE with the SEVERN
from Chopsden.*

Engraved by J. G. Smith from a drawing by W. P. N.

feature in the fore ground; it is said to have been repaired in the thirteenth century by Richard, Earl of *Pembroke*. The bridge is built on the same principle, as that at *Newport*. The flooring from the surface of the *Wye*, at low water, must be at least 80 feet. Nature here forms a colosseum of rock and wood. The interior of the castle is well worth visiting; many of the carved mouldings are in a perfect state, and beautifully light. The walls of the chapel are of an immense height.

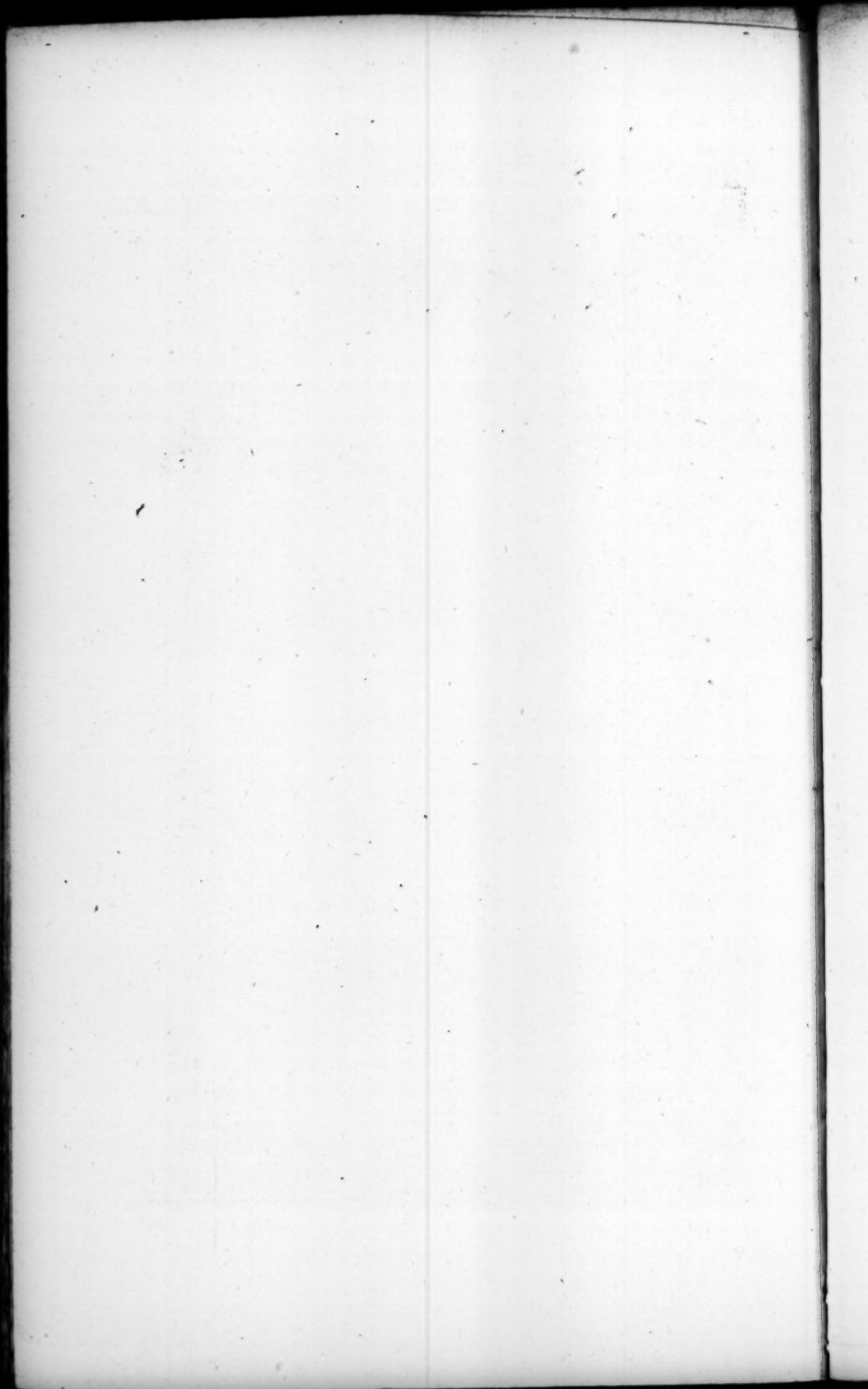
At *Piercefield*, in this neighbourhood, nature has done every thing. I shall say very little about its beauties, they having been so amply detailed by many prior visitors. I know not who the possessor then was, but I earnestly hope, we shall not in a few years, see little Chinese temples, flaming dragons, and sea horses, peeping through the vistas, (now so beautifully en-

grossed by nature in her unattired loveliness) such decorations serve only to distract the eye, and raise the pitying sigh in the breast of true taste. *Tintern* abbey is the next object, which deserves every attention. The horse road from *Chepstow* is very bad, and cannot be passed without four horses. There is a very pleasant water-carriage, where parties can be accommodated. *Tintern* abbey has likewise been a subject for much admiration, inquiry, and remark. Its venerable remains were certainly to be ranked, as possessing more symmetry and lightness, than any we yet witnessed. It is a most beautiful and very perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. It was founded in the year 1131, and dedicated to God and St. Mary of *Tintern*, by *Walter Fitz-Richard de Clare*, Lord of *Caerwent* and *Monmouth*. *William*, Earl of *Pembroke*, surnamed *Strongbow*, married the daughter of this *Richard*, and gave



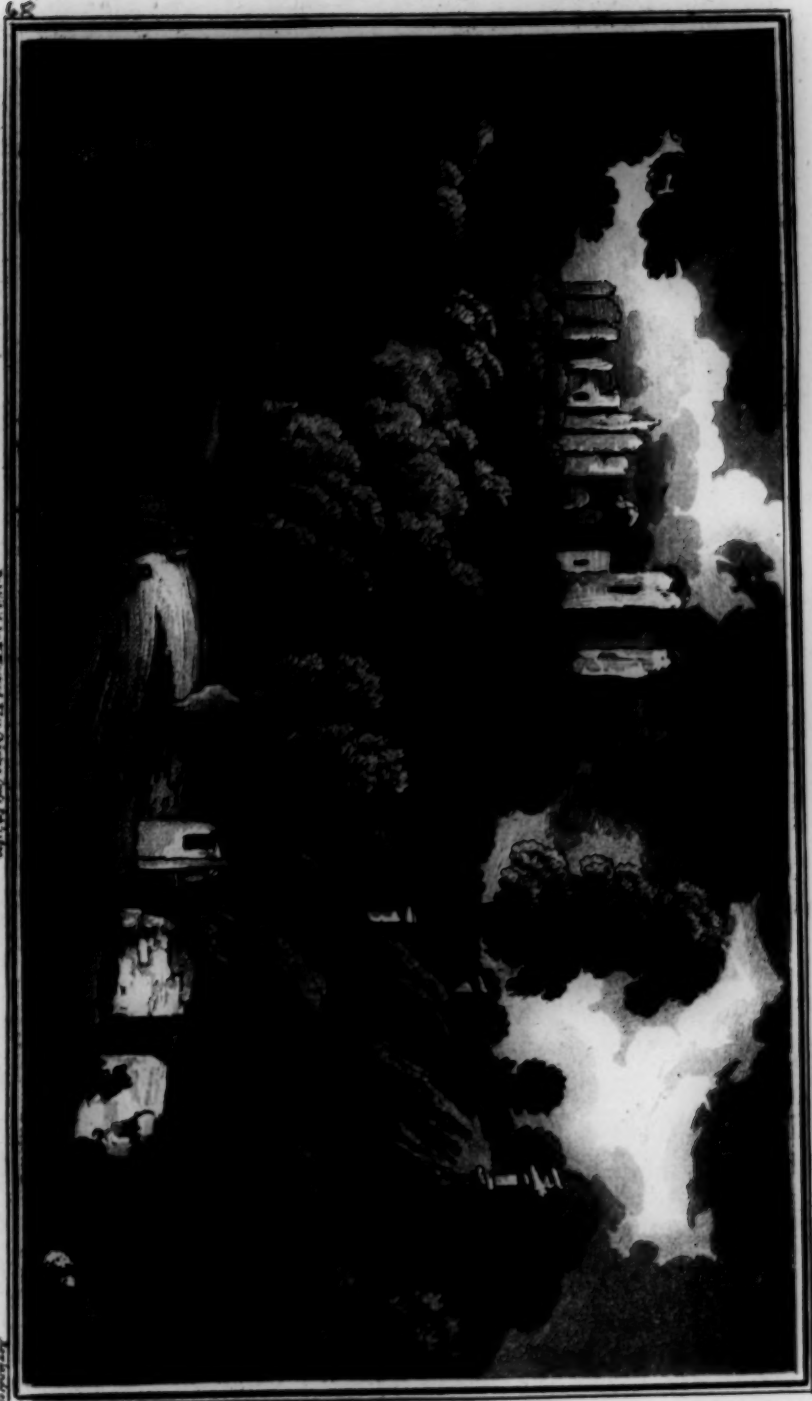
Engraved by W. B. Wood, from the original drawing by J. M. W. Turner.

TINTERN ABBEY.



gave divers lands and privileges to the monks, who were of the *Cistercian* order. About 40 years ago his bones were discovered: They were laid again in the grave; and his effigy in stone, which covered them, is now in a very mutilated state, resting against one of the pillars. The figure of the *Virgin*, with the infant in her arms, is still traceable: probably the shrine, at which the monks paid their adoration. From hence the road to *Monmouth* is romantic, and lies through a village, called *Tullock*. *Monmouth* appears delightfully approachable. It is situated in a vale of great extent; the town is dirty, and the buildings irregular: very trifling vestiges of the castle are to be seen. *Henry VII.* of *Monmouth*, was born here August 9. 1387. The statue of this prince stands at the town-hall. *Ragland* castle, a little distance from hence, has indisputable claim on the traveller's attention.

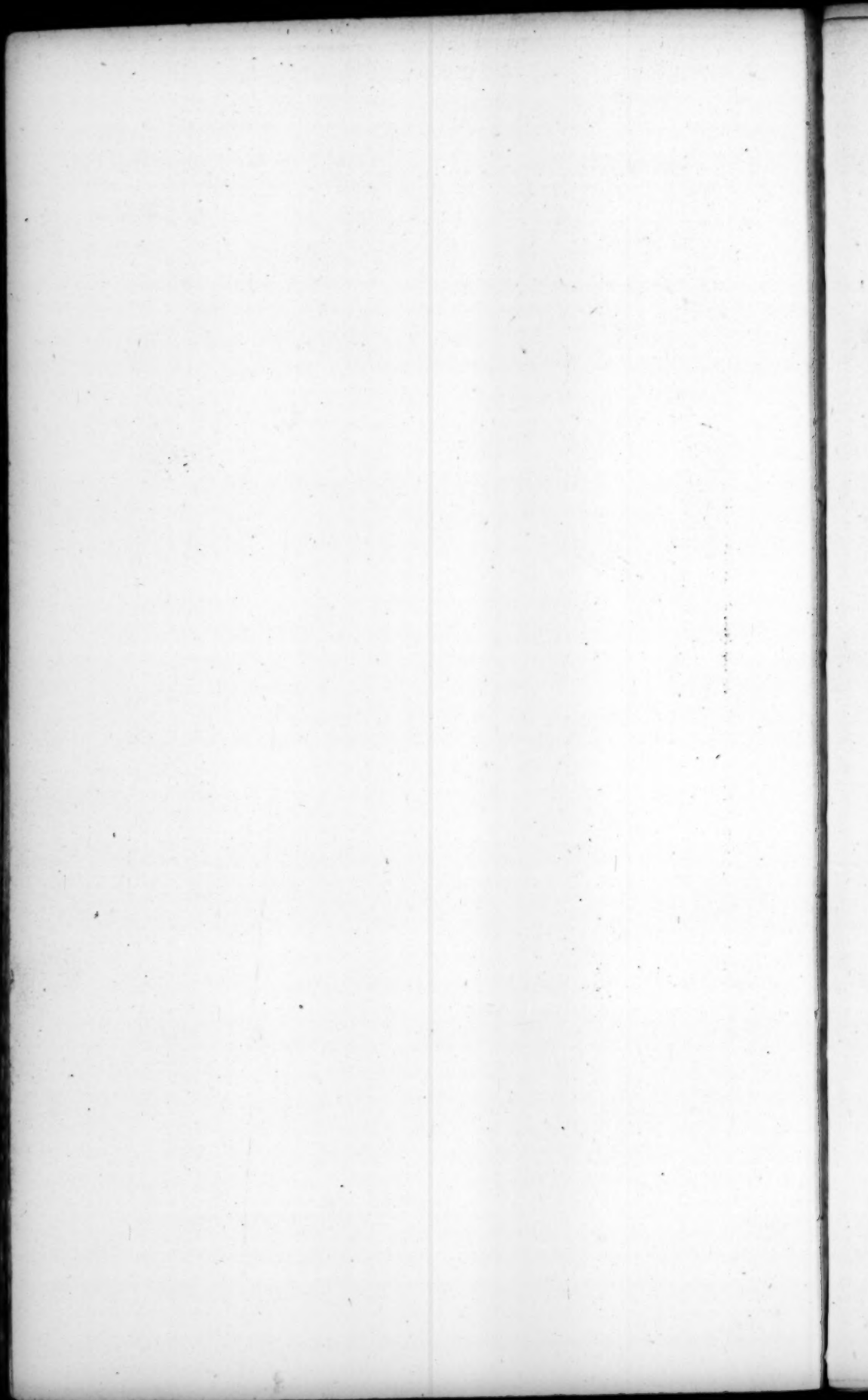
It was built by Sir *W. Thomas* and his son *William* Earl of *Pembroke*, who was beheaded at *Banbury*. This castle was the last in *Oliver's* time, which surrendered to general *Fairfax*. The Marquis of *Worcester* defended it for a length of time for King *Charles I.* who passed much of his time here. The magnificent style of living here is mentioned fully in several authors. There is still remaining a fire-place, where an ox was roasted whole. There is an elm tree on the bowling green, where the King amused himself frequently, which must have stood for ages. Its trunk measures 28 feet in circumference. There is a good inn at the village. The face of the country is for the most part clothed with apple orchards. Excellent cyder is here attainable. From hence we returned back to *Monmouth*, where we began to take leave of *Wales*. I shall here conclude my remarks on this *Principality*, by observing



Engraved by R. Gould from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner.

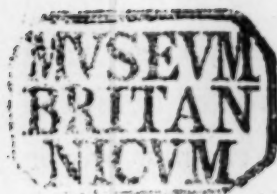
RAGLAND.

Architectural



ing that its natural beauties cannot be sufficiently revered and admired ; nor can the bad accommodation at most of the receptacles for the traveller, and the insolence and inattention of their proprietors, joined to the filthiness of their attendants, be sufficiently censured. No possible excuse can be made for the dirtiness, every where predominant. Water is every where in abundance, but the rooted laziness of the commonality will never suffer proper use to be made of it.

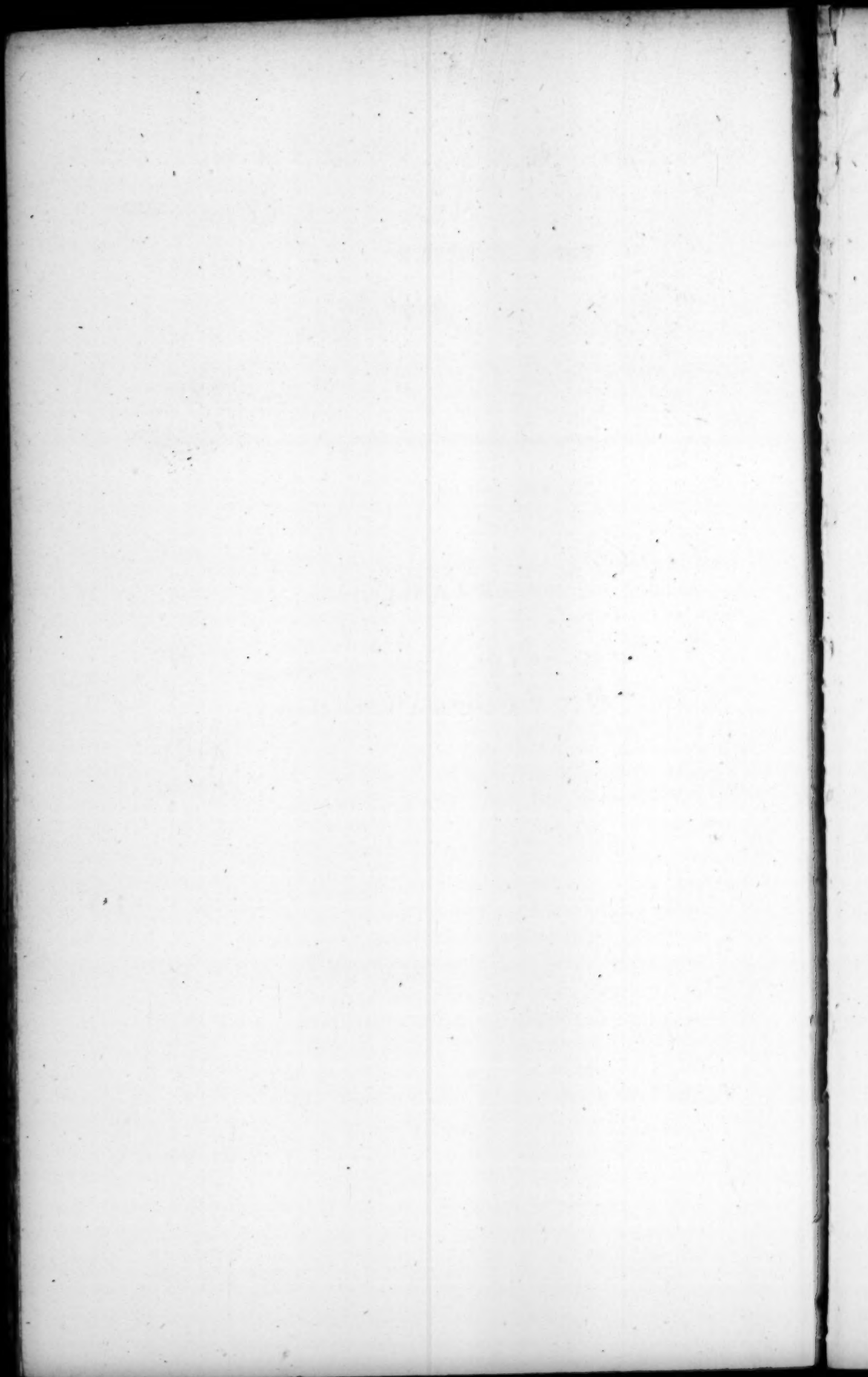
FINIS.



ERRATA.

Page 45 Line 12 for colorem, read colori

— 67 — 18 for Henry VII. read Henry V.



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